

**THE FALL
OF A THRONE**

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H.M. KING ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN

THE FALL OF A THRONE

By

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FOREWORD

By

LORD HOWARD OF PENRITH

I WRITE with sorrow the foreword to this book, remembering happy days in Madrid and in Spain, the country of contrasts, and for that very reason, perhaps, of singular charm. Our Author, Don Alvaro Alcalá-Galiano, was always a welcome guest at the British Embassy and the members of the Embassy were constantly invited to the house of his mother, the Condesa de Casa Valencia, who, as Señor Sanchez Guerra is reported in this book to have said on one occasion, had all the mental qualifications necessary for a Cabinet Minister.

As any reader of the book can see, Don Alvaro can be a caustic critic, but he can also be a brilliant talker and charming companion. It is not surprising that, seeing the destruction of all that he cared for in Madrid, his criticism of those responsible for the changes should be bitter.

During the years from 1919 to 1924, which I spent as Ambassador in Madrid, I met, of course, frequently the majority of the principal *dramatis personæ* of this book, but, apart from King Alfonso XIII, who certainly left the impression of a strong individual personality, only four stand out clearly to-day in my memory. The Conde de Romanones, Don Santiago Alba (not to be confused with the Duke of Alba), Don Francisco Cambó and Don Juan de la Cierva. All these, except Señor Cambó, to whom, in my opinion, justice is not done, are, I think, well and accurately sketched by Don Alvaro, with the sure and rapid pen of a keen eye and faithful hand. I think, also, that most of those who read this book will agree that there must have been something seriously wrong with the body politic of Spain, in order to make possible the sudden Revolution of April, 1931, which Don Alvaro so graphically describes. He, no doubt, diagnoses quite correctly the cause for the utter lack of energy and initiative of the last Monarchical Government, when he puts it down to disunion due to personal rivalries. It was supposed to be a National Monarchical Government. It was nothing of the kind—merely a farrago of politicians, some able and some not, but nearly all jealous of each other and nearly all ready to act without consulting the others. No Ministry of that kind could live through a serious crisis, still less dominate it.

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But I would apply this same diagnosis to the political condition of Spain before the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera.

The Government of the country was then carried on by groups of politicians, led by chiefs who can best be compared to feudal Barons, each working for his own pet policy, if not for his own hand. It was, therefore, necessary, in order to get a majority in the Chamber, to seek coalitions, or rather combinations of political barons, about whom the one thing certain was that they would not work together for long. Every Government that was formed was, therefore, but a temporary makeshift, and with every crisis that occurred it was the duty of the King to find men who would work together, even for a short time, in order that some sort of government should continue in the country.

This state of affairs was still further aggravated by the constant interference in politics of the *Juntas Militares*, or Associations of Army Officers who, on more than one occasion between the end of the War and the Dictatorship, threatened revolution on their own account if a Government disagreeable to them continued in office.

These conditions together brought Spain to the verge of bankruptcy and led to the pouring out of public money on the most unpopular Moroccan War. This must have soon resulted in revolution if General Primo de Rivera had not done away with Parliamentary Government as practised in Spain, ended the Moroccan War, which was sucking the blood of the people, abolished the *Juntas Militares*, so far as their active interference in politics was concerned, and put Spanish finance on a sounder footing, besides initiating many useful public works. All this stands to his credit, though whether he was wise in everything he did is another matter.

But, if I may be allowed to supplement this diagnosis of the maladies of Spain still further, I should wish to add that, in my opinion, all these troubles arose, not from serious mistakes made by the King, whose position was indeed a most difficult and trying one, nor from any original sin of Spanish public men, nor even, perhaps, from the *Juntas Militares*, though that is more doubtful, but from the initial mistake of trying to graft on to a Latin country, the system of Representative Government, that is of a Government relying for its maintenance in office on a majority in Parliament, which has, indeed, worked reasonably well in the past in Anglo-Saxon countries, but is totally unsuited to the Latin mind and temperament.

The Englishman is generally ready to compromise with his own political conscience up to a point, in order to support a political party, with which, on the whole, he agrees. This characteristic it is which makes a certain permanence and continuity of Government possible in England, and, indeed, produces a species of party loyalty which relieves the good party man of ever thinking for himself at all.

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In the Latin countries, party loyalty of this kind does not exist, and every deputy, while maintaining certain definite principles, will not sacrifice his right to think for himself with regard to almost every measure that is submitted to Parliament. Personally, not having myself any feeling of party loyalty, I can sympathize with the Latin point of view, but it is obvious that this must lead to the splitting up of Members of Parliament into small groups, each following the leader who comes nearest to the ideal of his own followers without compromises or capitulations. The political and financial misfortunes of Spain for years past, like those of Italy, while that country was still subject to the English system of Parliamentary Government, arose principally from the cause, that the Liberals in both countries insisted in slavishly copying a system which was totally unsuited to the habits and mentality of their inhabitants. Don Alvaro bitterly criticizes certain individuals for the overthrow of the Monarchy, and, to a great extent, many of his criticisms are, no doubt, well founded. But the *fons et origo mali* lay in the system. As the best antidote for these evils I would suggest that people may study the Swiss system of Government, which has set up, so to speak, government as a continuous chain, whereby, for something like seventy years, there has been in Switzerland no political crisis and no actual change of the Executive, though, of course, the personnel has changed. This has always appeared to me to be the sum of human wisdom in the art of government.

I venture to hope that the foregoing may explain to English readers many things in this book which would, otherwise, be unintelligible. But, even if they do not care to trouble themselves with the underlying causes of the Revolution, the description of the last days of the Monarchy in Spain cannot fail to interest most deeply any readers who are moved by a great human drama. It is graphically and arrestingly described.

No one, friend or foe, can ever accuse the King of Spain of lack of courage. I have seen him stand for nearly an hour in the Square at the foot of the Castellana in Madrid ; before him the bier of the murdered Prime Minister Dato, and behind, within a few yards, with only a thin line of infantry to protect him, crowds of people of all classes, among whom, at such a time, there might well have been a gunman or a bomb thrower. His Majesty never showed the slightest trace of nervousness. His courage, at all times, has been recognized as beyond all doubt.

No one will, therefore, venture to accuse him of having "run away" on that dramatic night of April 14th, 1931. He left for the reason he gave, which was surely a great and noble one, in the document he read to his friends in the Palace on the eve of his departure.

"I am the King of all Spaniards and I am also a Spaniard. I

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could find abundant means to maintain my Royal prerogative by efficacious force against those who would oppose me. *But I wish most strongly to dissociate myself from any attempt to drag my compatriots into a fratricidal war.*"

This declaration, I think, places His Majesty absolutely outside criticism. It is surely the noblest example of a *Gran Rifuto* in history.

Alfonso XIII was a true Spaniard to the very marrow of his bones, loving his country and its most lovable people, perhaps for their defects as well as their great qualities. He went off the stage which he had occupied from the cradle, with, no doubt, a breaking heart, but with the smile on his lips of the gallant and courageous gentleman that he is. If it had been his fate to face death, I doubt not he would have done it like our Sir Thomas More, with a friendly jest for the executioner.

Of the Queen, Don Alvaro has spoken so truly that it is unnecessary for me to add a word, except this : that everyone who lived for many years in Madrid and had been connected with politics and the Court will confirm his statement that Her Majesty never interfered in any way with political affairs. Apart from her social life, which, necessarily, took up much of her time, she gave herself up wholly to her family and to her charitable works, for helping the sick and needy.

No one who has had the opportunity of seeing her, either at one of the great Court functions or going round the ward of some hospital, will forget the picture her gracious presence left on the mind.

To end this long foreword, which has, I fear, grown to the length of an essay, I will but quote a phrase of the great Spanish philosopher, Unamuno, who took a prominent part in the beginning of the Revolution of 1931.

Speaking to me once in Salamanca, about the year 1921 or 1922, he said : " It is true that Spain once suffered from an ecclesiastical tyranny, but that is over long ago. We are now (this was a moment when the *Juntas Militares* were much to the fore) suffering from a military tyranny—but God help us when we shall suffer from a tyranny of pedants, for that is the worst of all."

It is my earnest hope and prayer that whatever befalls Spain, which I love, she may never fall under the tyranny of the arch-pedants of Moscow.

THE FALL OF A THRONE

I

MADRID, 1931

THE new year opened with dark clouds obscuring the political horizon. Would the storm pass without bringing ruin on Spain? Would the Monarchy be able to stand firm against its adversaries who were, little by little, tightening the blockade?

There we had the key of the enigma. We were in the last days of the Berenguér Government which a wit of the Court labelled the "Dictablanda"¹ but, in spite of the prophesies of the Revolutionary Press and the diatribes of certain speakers and the intrigues of the intellectuals, the country at large was far from foreseeing the sudden collapse of the Spanish Monarchy within the year.

The King, Don Alfonso XIII, still hoped to weather the storm and to save the ship of state, sailing through troubled waters to the safe harbour of the Cortes and the Constitution. But, unfortunately, ever since the fall of the Dictatorship, with which Primo de Rivera was identified and the unexpected death of the Dictator in exile, all his faults, personal and impersonal, had been transferred to the charge of the King. The

¹ A play on words. Blanda, soft and Dura, hard.

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batteries of the Revolution, accompanied by cries of hatred and rancour, were aimed in the first place against the King and afterwards against Berenguér. When the students during their street manifestations greeted the founder of the University City with shouts of " Let him go ! " and " Fuera el Rey ! " (Out with the King!) Don Alfonso smiled resignedly. Knowing the fluctuations of popularity, he merely remarked :

" I am not in fashion just now."

But he did not let such things disturb his serenity. Whatever his faults, no one can deny him personal courage and an absolute indifference to danger. He has risked his life several times. A short time ago, during the mutiny of Quatro Vientos, when Franco was flying over Madrid threatening to bomb the Royal Palace, the King mounted to the roof and followed the flight of the aeroplane through his glasses, as if he had been an interested spectator at an ordinary sporting event.

It was probably this sporting instinct, combined with his optimism and his confidence in himself, which gave him courage to play his part in the approaching National " Match ". The course to be run had three goals : the ordinary Cortes, the Constituent Cortes and the Republic. The reassembling of the ordinary Cortes would mean that the Monarchy had gained and the interrupted Constitutional rule would be restored ; the much advertised Constituent Cortes would bring back the personal enemies of the King and would entail the temporary, if not absolute, suspension of the Royal Prerogative. As to the Republic, the King could hardly admit the possibility of such a catastrophe.

He was not easily impressed by hostile rumours. He knew that forces were being marshalled against him—political men, intellectuals, Professors, members of the Ateneo¹ and students ; possibly also, at that date, the majority of the Press, which had exploded with the force of a bomb when the Censorship was removed. There had been sparks of Revolution, but they had been suppressed. The spirit of the army was, generally speaking good, or so it was reported in the Palace ; no one could doubt the loyalty of the Civil Guard, which formed a solid barrier against the Revolution. The Church was in favour of the Monarchy, and no one could have foreseen that the Spanish people, so fervently Catholic, would have crossed over to swell the ranks of the anti-clerical brigade. And besides, there were the Grandees, the aristocracy, the great landed proprietors and a large majority of the middle classes which respected the old tradition, as well as the Conservative party, the Liberals, and even some of the democrats, who were busy reorganizing their forces in the hopes of bringing a great monarchical majority to the polls.

But the King made a mistake when he calculated only the *visible* forces in the enemy's camp. Neither he nor his Ministers realized that the Monarchy was being undermined by an international and national propaganda, both tenacious and subversive, that had been placed at the service of the Republic. This propaganda insinuated itself quickly into lecture halls, barracks, clubs, cafés and taverns. It even found its

¹ The Ateneo of Madrid is a centre of culture and a debating society on social, literary and political subjects.

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way into Christian homes, disturbing family life. And so, while the Monarchy, secure in its traditions, was considered capable of resisting the most violent storms, the enemy was striking underground with a pickaxe at its foundations.

Madrid was seething with unrest and anxiety at the beginning of this year. The invariable questions asked when two friends met were :

“What is going to happen? Have you heard the latest news?”

Rumours buzzed about one's ears like gadflies. If there were trouble in some garrison, it was said that a second military Dictatorship was imminent, or that the Government was resigning immediately. The report of a general strike was always with us and always it was to be the prelude to serious Revolutionary disturbances.

“They say that we shall have a general strike throughout Spain by Monday or Tuesday.”

It was interesting to note the different effects that such reports had on different people. There were expressions of anxiety, and there were eyes that gleamed with joyful anticipation before the prospect of great changes. In the street I heard a group of dress-maker girls discussing the question :

“We shan't have to work next week, because the Republic will have come.”

Poor dupes ! They believed, because they had been told so, that the Republic would end the struggles for life. The former rich would then have to work and the poor would divide their goods and riches amongst themselves.

The alarming symptom did not consist in the fact

that such follies were repeated from one to another by ignorant girls prone to credulity. An infected breeze seemed to blow over the Capital. There certainly existed a new epidemic, a sort of new "Spanish Influenza" which penetrated into the most diverse social spheres. People whom we had thought immune from such propaganda, showed signs of being infected with the Revolutionary virus. The atmosphere was charged with electricity, with arguments, with passionate unrest. Anything which the Revolutionary Press could not declaim with theatrical indignation, was malevolently insinuated between the lines. Defamatory verses were passed from hand to hand with repugnant libels. The Revolutionary agents never ceased, day or night, from sounding the alarm. If there were a scuffle between turbulent students and a couple of police at midday in the Castellana, the students shouting against the King and the police drawing their swords, at once an alarm would be raised with cries and crowds collecting. The same scene would occur nearly every day and night either in the Alcalá or the Puerta del Sol, disturbing the peaceful gaiety of Madrid. At times the perpetual muster of the police gave the impression that Madrid was in a constant state of revolutionary fervour. Excellent propaganda against tourism ! It explains the slogan :

"Don't go to Spain. They are fighting. There is a Revolution !"

And in Madrid the peaceful citizens became indignant, saying :

"There is no law. With things going on like this, life is becoming impossible !"

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And yet there was nothing to cause alarm in the aspect of the city, the usual appearance of which remained unchanged. Social life continued to be animated, the cafés, theatres and cinemas continued to be crowded. But at last we began to see clearly.

There had been preliminary sparks which had alarmed the country and which had been immensely exaggerated in the Revolutionary papers, superior in numbers to those constituting the "orderly" Press, as it was called. In November a working-class Manifestation attempted to turn the course of a funeral procession in the Prado, against the orders of the police; a scuffle ensued during which stones were thrown and shots fired. There were victims amongst the rebels, and in consequence popular resentment was aroused—how typically Spanish!—against the Government and the Civil Guard. Then in December we had the unfortunate military rising in Jaca, which was suppressed by loyal troops and followed by the Court Martial and execution of the two ringleaders, Galán and García-Hernández. Lastly, came the insane plot of the aviation officers of Cuatro Vientos, led by the arch-revolutionary Captain Franco, to bombard Madrid in concert with some infantry units. Perhaps these latter, accustomed to solid earth had more contact with reality than had their comrades of the Air Force; at any rate, they abstained from joining in the badly-planned attack. The failure was complete and the attempt ended in Franco, together with General Queipo de Llano and other rebellious companions, flying to Portugal and renouncing, this time without hesitation, the rôle of hero.

I confess that, as a Spaniard and a European, I feel ashamed of these antiquated military "pronunciamientos", which suggest the Nineteenth Century. The apotheosis of Galán and García-Hernández, who were exalted to the skies in almost all the Spanish Press, had for object the dissolution of the monarchy, just as the shameless campaign "Pro Ferrer" was intended to throw out the Maura Cabinet. There were the same inflammatory attacks, the same spiteful insinuations against the Court Martial and the Government. The victims were extolled as martyrs for the sake of liberty and the Judges calumniated as depraved assassins. The effect of this was to provoke a wave of anger and indignation in the minds of the ignorant masses. Telegrams of condolence were showered on the mother of one of the executed men and on the widow of the other. The impressionable Spanish mentality, always ready to pity a criminal, did not fail to sympathize with the Revolutionary leaders; Galán and García-Hernández became two symbols, much as Daoiz and Velarde had been in the War of Independence, typifying the Spanish people oppressed by the chains of reaction, now incarnated in the Monarchy. The persistent Press campaign was crowned with success; thousands of ignorant readers were influenced against the Berenguér Government and, in the rebound, against the King.

When the rising of Cuatro Vientos was exalted by the Press into an heroic achievement, I felt it to be my duty to counteract, as far as possible, the absurd atmosphere of popular adulation with which these military rebellions were surrounded. Anticipating the effect

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which such typically Spanish exhibitions were likely to have in the civilized world, I wrote an article that appeared in *A B C*, entitled "Heroism and Discipline" ; in it I criticized not only the fatal effect of individualism as opposed to the true military spirit, but also the too frequent incursions of our soldiers into the political arena. I suggested, jestingly, that in Spain a brave act or a sporting record seemed sufficient to unchain a Revolution, and I outlined the sensation that would result in France if the aviators Costes and Le Brix had tried to bombard the Elysée or in the United States if the unlikely intervention of Lindbergh had threatened to destroy the constitution.

But the article, for which I received numberless congratulations, was received in hostile silence by the Revolutionary Press. I was becoming accustomed to this treatment, however, and it did not make me alter my views or my independent criticism. My political and social campaign in *A B C* had the grave defect of exposing the lies respecting the Revolutionary Utopia and of pointing out the common mis-statements by which the national conscience was being poisoned. This was enough to alienate from me the literary world, in which I was looked on as an "undesirable", though to-day my fears and forebodings are amply justified.

During the anxious days of the beginning of the year 1931, popular anxiety rose to fever pitch. Government officials persisted in saying that nothing was wrong in the hopes of calming the public mind, but catastrophic rumours and alarming reports, that were contradicted on the following day, were circulated through the city. The fact that the news was false did

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not prevent it from reappearing in some totally unexpected guise a day or two afterwards.

It was sad for me, during my frequent visits to foreign Embassies and Legations, to be asked by diplomatic friends who thought me well informed, questions that were not always discreet. Was it true, asked one, that there was to be another Dictatorship, this time under the direction of three generals? While another announced, as a fact, that the Spanish army was not agreed as to the rival claims of a Monarchy or a Republic. I felt that it could not be my country that was being discussed, but rather that of some far-away Balkan state.

The wife of a foreign diplomat whom I met at a dinner-party, remarked :

“ I am certain of one thing and that is that your King will not run away like a Kaiser Wilhelm or a Manoel of Portugal. I am convinced of that.”

And so was I . . . and yet—strange Destiny, with reason men say that you are blind ! Neither could I have foreseen then that Madrid, *Villa y Corte*, City and Court, gay, sympathetic, indolent, impressionable Madrid, would sign her own death-warrant within a few months by voting for the Republican-Socialist Candidates in the Municipal elections. It was a case of the Monarchy against the Revolution, of differential rights against a central Government. Madrid was to abdicate her incontestable position as the supreme capital of Spain, one and indivisible, without a thought ; Madrid, without a Court, was to vote for her own degradation to the level of the Provincial Capitals of Spain.

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WHEN the Dictatorship at last fell, it had almost asphyxiated the Monarchy. The Crown was forced by the vacuum, the want of oxygen, to open the windows to the street, discovering, in so doing, that the Dictator was already a political corpse.

The early successes of the Dictator's rule, which were great and indisputable, included the re-establishment of public order and public credit ; the progress of industry, commerce and tourism in Spain, the splendid new roads and the restoration of national confidence followed by a season of general prosperity which greatly benefited the working classes. By the conquest of Alhucemas and the admirably rapid pacification of Morocco, he had deserved the deep gratitude of the country. But Primo de Rivera was intoxicated by the adulation and the servile flattery of his uncompromising admirers and he stained his laurels by not retiring when his task was finished.

His pride and his impulsive attacks against almost every existing institution marked the fatal period of his latter administration. He opposed the old order and its politicians, the cultural centres, the University and the Artillery. Imprisonments and fines were the order of the day. Even the Supreme High Court of Justice was suspended when he found that the Judges were not



THE LATE GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA

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sufficiently amenable. Trusting in his lucky star, the impulsive Dictator rushed blindly to destruction, dragging the Monarchy after him, because although the initiative was his, the edicts bore the signature of the King. I have no desire to blacken the picture of the "responsibilities of the Dictatorship" as is so much the fashion to-day, but it is impossible to omit mention of two fatal measures which certainly shook the foundations of the Throne. One of these was the systematic abuse of the old politicians and their parties which the Dictator, at the height of his power, levelled at them in order to form his "Patriotic Union" at their expense; the other was the inauguration of the so-called "National Assembly", a caricature of Parliament with a pretence of legality. Like the saying of the King of France, presaging the Revolution, the political testament of Primo de Rivera appears to have been: "After me the Deluge!"

The fallen autocrat had an opportunity of feeling the consequences of his political errors and also of suffering from the wounds inflicted by the hatred and ingratitude of his many followers. This ghost of a Dictator wandered about Madrid for a few days, long enough to realize his isolation, before dying in Paris shortly afterwards, in the sad oblivion of exile.

Great as was his loneliness, the isolation in which he left the Monarchy was greater. On one side were the old political parties, now disorganized and their humiliated leaders cherishing indignation and grievances against the Crown; on the other side was the flood of Revolutionary passions let loose against the King on whom devolved the task of liquidating the troubled

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inheritance of the Dictatorship. During the last stages of the Dictator's rule, a vast number of discontented people had lost their affection for the dynasty, and we must not forget the angry impetuosity of the Press which had been so long muzzled by a perpetual Censorship. No sooner was this removed than the Press in almost every instance placed itself unconditionally on the side of the Revolution, lauding the agitators and criticizing the Government. The destructive Jacobin Press constituted the heavy artillery of the Second Spanish Republic.

When General Berenguér accepted the premiership, he was almost unanimously praised for his courage. Not one of the politicians dared to take up the legacy left by Primo de Rivera. A return to the old form of Government was like offering a challenge to public opinion. The change over was too dangerous for the Crown to risk calling on some worn-out leader of the old regime, resuscitating him, like a modern Lazarus, after seven years of political burial. It was impossible to re-establish Constitutional Guarantees. The first steps taken towards calming the existing unrest, should have consisted in calling a new Cortes and in rectifying the mistakes made during the Dictatorship. The situation called for tact combined with firmness—"an iron hand in a velvet glove", as the famous politician the Duc de Morny is reputed to have said. Great changes were imperative in a country menaced by a Revolutionary outbreak.

For all these reasons the appointment of General Berenguér appeared at first to constitute an asset for the Government. The Conde de Xauen was welcomed

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by the public in spite of the fact that he had been "Jefe del Cuarto Militar del Rey"¹ and that the Monarch might endeavour to rule autocratically through his adjutant. Even the Revolutionary Press treated him with deference, reserving its bitter attacks for a later date. The General was looked on as an expiatory victim of the Dictatorship, and in military circles he was surrounded with a sort of halo because of the persecution he had suffered, just as in civilian spheres the voluntary exile of Don Santiago Alba procured for him a similar prestige. It was remembered that Berenguér had been confined in a fort; his friendship with certain declared enemies of the regime was also brought to mind. His friendly relations extended into a very varied social strata, and he numbered amongst his friends men of very different types. He was considered easily approached, broad-minded and without political bias. In short, an ideal temporary Governor of the State . . . a new Azcárraga, an ideal President of the inevitable ministerial turnover.

Berenguér had also the saving grace of being the antithesis of Primo de Rivera.

Primo de Rivera was all impulse, intuition, quick intelligence, rapid decisions; Berenguér was cold, impassive, slow in thought and even slower in action. The Dictator was cordial, effusive, sympathetic. He enjoyed publicity and popularity, and was familiar with everyone, giving friendly hand clasps which did not always signify friendship. Berenguér was courteous,

¹ Chief of the Military Household of the King; equivalent to the French "Chef de la Maison Militaire du Président de la République".

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deferent, smiling amiably but keeping familiarity at a distance. A reserved man of few words, he was simple and modest. His general culture was far higher than that of most soldiers and even excelled that of many civilians, and his great love for music gave evidence of an exquisite sensibility which was hidden under his impenetrable reserve. He was often to be seen in the concert halls of Madrid.

But, apart from these saving qualities, I fear that the judgment of history on the responsibilities of the so-called " Dictablanda " will fall heavily on Berenguér. An honourable and loyal man does not always make a good ruler. Considering the military and civil careers of this soldier impartially, it seems as if he were oppressed by some adverse fate. It was during his supreme command that Spain suffered the bloody and humiliating reverses of Annual and Monte Arruit in Morocco, which destroyed our Colonial prestige in a few days. Although the responsibilities were afterwards shared by others and part of our losses were at length recovered, it is impossible to forget that these terrible disasters occurred during Berenguér's command. It is amazing that a man with such an unfortunate record should have ventured to accept, without the slightest hesitation, the leadership of the Government in such a critical hour for Spain and the Monarchy. And yet Berenguér, with the same impassibility, watched the advance of the Revolutionary flood from his Presidential eminence, without attempting to raise a dyke to stem its progress. He left unpunished actual attacks against the regime, defamatory and destructive Press campaigns and public

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insults to the King, and the rebels, under his Government, emboldened by Governmental atrophy, succeeded in placing a blockade round the Monarchy. So the last Monarchical Government, surrounded by the enemy and with its communications almost cut, confined itself to the sad task of giving up the King to his enemies. Who would not pity the tragic destiny of General Berenguér, as adverse in Africa as in Spain?

We must, however, endeavour to distinguish between the good intentions of the Premier and his mistaken methods of governing. From the very beginning he showed a want of political foresight. He had accepted power in order to liquidate the responsibilities of the Dictatorship, to convoke a new Parliament and to maintain public order until the Constitution was completely re-established. No one could understand the mysterious reasons which prompted the cautious General to appoint General Marzo Minister of the Interior or General Mola Director General of Public Safety. We can recall, it is true, some ridiculous precedents in Spanish politics. Certain posts seem to have been bestowed by caprice rather than earned by any special aptitude on the part of the applicants. Nevertheless, these two appointments appear to reach the limit of the unexpected. Both recipients were quite unknown to the general public. It was said that they were intimate friends of the General's, companions in arms of Africa. A bad omen! And, as if that were not enough, two of the Ministers of the new Cabinet were generally believed to have been contributors to a scurrilous paper, *El Murciélagos*—the Bat—in which the shafts of a bitter

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irony had been aimed at the Dictatorship and the Monarchy. Yet another appointment which surprised the civilian onlooker was that of the Under Secretary of War, bestowed upon General Goded, the leader of a projected military rising, which the fall of the Dictator had prevented. Many other political and administrative posts were given to men whose loyalty to the Throne was lukewarm, or who were in direct communication with the Revolutionaries. The conciliatory policy adopted by General Berenguér with a view to disarming the enemy, had often fatal consequences.

With regard to the appointments of Commanders and Military Governors, better judgment was shown. The Country began to feel the good effects of the re-establishment of discipline in the army, much to the chagrin of the partizans of the Revolution, but the same could not be said of the "setting to partners" executed by the Civil Governors, especially when the elections were imminent. They seem to have been chosen because of their patience, for they endured without protest all the social risings, strikes, political meetings and other challenges to authority which the enemies of the Government were out to provoke. As to the Police, whose efficiency and organization were so conspicuous under Martínez Anido, they were now undisciplined and without force to meet the threatening storm. It is not clear whether the responsibility for the perpetual changes in the Force, the suspension of officers and agents of authority, rests with the Government or with General Mola personally; they were often made with no other reason than that of

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changing everything that had been arranged during the Dictatorship. The consequences were disastrous both for the Government and for the maintenance of order.

I will give an example which came under my own observation.

A certain high functionary in the Madrid police with whom I was on friendly terms, was suddenly transferred to the provinces after the students' riot in the station on the occasion of the return of Unamuno from exile. The good Don M—— was perplexed. He had done nothing except obey the orders of his superiors. But, apparently, a victim was wanted to calm the protests of the Revolutionary Press and none more suitable was found than one nominated by the "odious Dictatorship". This case and others of a similar nature helped to disorganize and demoralize the Police force on the eve of the elections, taking from them all zeal in the execution of their duties. It explains why the risings of Jaca and Cuatro Vientos broke out without the Government getting information in time to arrest the organizers before the event.

It must be remembered that, after the fall of the Dictatorship, not only exiled politicians were to be seen crossing the frontier, where they were welcomed by professional agitators, but also all those "undesirables" who had been sent abroad for the good of their country. Here again I can give two examples of the inertia of the Government and the Police which came under my own notice. Whilst in San Sebastián during the summer of 1930, I found out through personal investigation that the Pasajes strikes which were terrorizing both masters and employees, were being organized

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by a small party of Communists. The complaints of one and the other were alike disregarded by the Civil Governor, a grave, pompous, affable man of well-proven incapacity, who thought to show his Liberal views by declining to adopt strong measures. I took advantage of the arrival of one of the Ministers of the Crown, a friend of my family, to inform him of this lamentable state of affairs, which were as prejudicial to the neighbourhood as they were to the Government, already sufficiently weakened. The Minister, naturally, promised to look into the matter directly he arrived in Madrid. Days and weeks passed, but there was no change. The factories remained closed ; the Governor neither intervened nor gave in his resignation.

What did the Government do ? Nothing. Neither the strike nor the Governor's career came to an end . . . because . . . he was the brother-in-law of one of the Ministers !

Later on, as winter approached, I went to Cáceres in connection with the electoral campaign at a moment when a partial crisis might make a change among the Ministers. Whilst there, the President of the Deputation and other influential people in the neighbourhood, echoing the general sense of disquiet and anxiety which prevailed, gave me a mission to the Minister of the Interior. It was necessary, they said, to place a strong guard on the Portuguese frontier, across which a number of Sindicalist-Revolutionary emigrants were travelling in hired motor cars, bound for Madrid and Barcelona.

When I arrived in Madrid, I went at once to the Ministry and visited my good friend Leopoldo Matos,

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who appeared to be unperturbed by his overwhelming work. He greeted me in his cheerful and pleasant manner and assured me that he would bring the matter to the Chief of Police. A few days later we met at lunch.

"Well," I said, "how about the Portuguese frontier?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "They tell me at Headquarters that they know all about it. There's no need to worry. It is merely a case of workmen returning to Spain in search of a job."

Confronted by such scrupulous police investigation, I could not contain my laughter. Workmen looking for a job travelling through Spain in hired cars! Rather a suspicious poverty.

And so between treachery and incompetence the Berenguér Government blindly followed its tragic destiny. Round about it the tempest raged. Continual strikes, students' risings, closed Universities, tumultuous meetings held in defiance of authority, and clandestine publications were universal. The "Pact of San Sebastián" was signed, uniting all the scattered Republican groups against the Monarchy.¹ A huge Republican meeting had been held in the Plaza de Toros in Madrid and, at the end of the year, there was a General Strike in the Capital, organized by the Casa del Pueblo and only terminated by its order.

The hostile Press carried on its destructive campaign

¹ This memorable act, in which the Revolutionary forces of Spain were united with the object of destroying the Monarchy, was described by the Governor of Guipzcoa, in his report to the Government as "a meeting of no importance".

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without being censored and without the Government employing those persuasive methods by which the journalistic venom can be mitigated or annulled. The Censorship appeared to be the only possible guarantee of an apparent tranquillity. The Ateneo of Madrid was only closed when nothing remained unsaid against the Dictatorship or the Monarchy. The recent military seditions still vibrated in the unquiet air.

But General Berenguér never lost his imperturbable serenity. He declared day after day, without the slightest suspicion of irony, that he would "maintain order at all costs and that he would convoke the Cortes".

But the ship of State was in urgent need of repairs before it could arrive in port.

III

"THE MONARCHISTS WITHOUT A KING"

IN the front rank of those who were opposing the Crown was the minute group of "Constitutionalists". This group consisted of recent deserters from the Monarchy, old politicians, and ex-Ministers who sympathized with Republican views. According to these zealous defenders of the law, the King, having violated the Constitution by acknowledging the Dictatorship (which was received with acclamation by the great majority of the Nation), ought either to abdicate or to convoke the Constituent Cortes in order that the Country might freely vote for a Republic or a Monarchy.

How many were there of these prudent partizans of a temporary Monarchy? Not more than half a dozen! What political parties followed their lead? Not one. Their only followers consisted of a small number of their intimate friends. But, behind them was the Revolutionary Press, which flattered and praised them, writing as if these veterans of the old order could suddenly and miraculously transform themselves into "new men". And, above all, we must note the fact that their leader was the man who had, for a moment, held the destinies of Spain in his hands, the man who might have averted the Revolution, but who left the way clear for it in order to satisfy

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his personal spite and his tardy desire for popularity—Don José Sanchez Guerra.

The Republic owes an incontestable debt of gratitude to Señor Sanchez Guerra, although he has not received his just reward. For it was he who aimed the first mortal blow at the Monarchy.

Let us run over a few facts in recent history ; but before so doing I would like to declare most emphatically that I have a great respect and sympathy for the man, although I cannot admire the politician whose tortuous proceedings since the Dictatorship fell and whose unfortunate change of tactics have contributed more than any other cause to the weakening of the Monarchical forces.

The personal honour and public worth of Señor Sanchez Guerra have often been insisted on ; I can only confirm what has been already written. If I were to publish my Memoirs now (as I hope to do in the future), I could say much more on this score because he has been a friend of my family and a constant guest at our house for many years. I have met him countless times in an atmosphere of intimacy, when I have been able to appreciate his pleasant conversational powers, his memory for anecdotes, and his Andalusian gift for hitting off characters and events. His culture belongs to the Nineteenth Century, and he likes to introduce the jokes and verses of that period into his conversation. He is a great admirer of the Parliamentary system and of forensic eloquence.

"I remember that unforgettable speech of Castelar," he will say. Or : "As Cánovas said so wittily . . ."

But, politically speaking, what did Sanchez Guerra stand for before the Dictatorship period ? He was the

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most genuine representative of the old Conservative " Caciquismo ".¹ Skilful in debate and in intrigue, a good lieutenant to Maura and Dato, his repression of the Strikes in 1917 showed him also capable of energy. It is difficult to say more. Neither as orator nor as a statesman, or even as leader of a party, could Don José have aspired to be held in remembrance by posterity. And yet Destiny has reserved for him a rôle in history which many of his old supporters qualify as that of a traitor.

In his old age, when his political career appeared to be ended, Sanchez Guerra rose up against the Dictatorship. He left his voluntary exile to lead an unfortunate military rising in Valencia ; a Court Martial followed, with prison, which made him a popular hero. The sirens of the Revolution sang flattering songs in his ears and perhaps he dreamed of being the Thièrs of the future Spanish Republic.

I was present at the Prologue to this sensational affair because it was staged in our country place, Ayete, near San Sebastián. My mother gave a garden-party in honour of the King and Queen and the Infantas, but did not invite Primo de Rivera or the Minister in attendance on the King. She insisted, on the other hand, on Sanchez Guerra, who was passing the summer in San Sebastián, accepting her invitation, hoping to arrange an apparently chance meeting between His Majesty and the politician who would not have been allowed to approach him had the Dictator

¹ *Caciquismo* is the influence exercised over ignorant peasants by the local chief man of a district : it is frequently used to overcome voters at political elections.

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been present. It was just before the issue of the decree convoking the so-called National Assembly, and Sanchez Guerra accepted the invitation, delighted to have the opportunity of meeting the King.

Neither the King nor the politician let the opportunity slip, and a long dialogue ensued as they sat together under a shady tree in the Park, a little way apart from the other guests, who watched the two with lively curiosity and could talk of little else. No one was near enough to hear what was said and the only sources of information were some indiscreet remarks let fall afterwards. It has since become known that Sanchez Guerra expressed his disapproval of the projected "National Assembly" in no measured terms and told the King that he would leave the country as a protest if it were decreed.

Many rumours concerning this conversation were circulated and much to the annoyance of the Dictator, articles appeared in the Spanish Press commenting on this unexpected meeting. The importance of the interview and the effect which it had on future events, can hardly be overstated. A competent writer, Don Gabriel Maura, describes it as "historical".¹

Directly the unnecessary National Assembly was decreed, Sanchez Guerra, compromised by his own words, and feeling obliged to act up to them, departed unwillingly to France. This voluntary exile left the country cold, but it was interested to learn that the paper *A B C* had offered the hospitality of its columns to the irreconcilable enemy of the Dictator-

¹ *Bosquejo historico de la Dictadura.* ("Historical Sketch of the Dictatorship".)



THE KING OF SPAIN TALKING TO SANCHEZ GUERRA AT THE CONDESA DE CASA
VALENCIA'S GARDEN PARTY AT THE PALAVIO DE AYETE

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ship. What would Sanchez Guerra write? What a marvellous platform was offered him! It was, perhaps, too much to expect something in the style of "Les Châtiments", penned by Victor Hugo in exile, but the writer might have treated the policy of the Dictator theoretically, as Cambó did in his works, or again, he might have spoken of the great international problems as the foreign writers did in the World Press. He could even have written spicy anecdotes relating to his political and parliamentary life. Vain illusions! As a writer he disappointed all expectations as he was to do later as an orator in the theatre of the Zarzuela. Some feeble articles appeared, written in the most verbose style of old-fashioned journalism, suggestive of a countryman discovering Paris rather late in life. The Madeleine, the women selling violets, the races, an Andalusian story introduced in order to make some allusion to the Dictator, such were the only themes with which exile inspired the illustrious politician on whom half Spain had set such hopes. These chronicles poor as they were, appeared afterwards in book form with the pathetic title of *El Pan de la Emigración*,¹ with the inevitable Prologue which Dr. Marañón contributed to any book written against the existing regime. The absurdity of the title is apparent when one reflects that Señor Sanchez Guerra and his family would have had little bread to eat in Paris if they had not had other resources.

The failure of the writer was followed by the failure of the man of action as shown in the Revolutionary conspiracy of Valencia. But this failure had one

¹ "The Bread of Emigration".

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successful result, that of establishing the popularity of the man who from his exile in Paris had listened to the singing of the Revolutionary sirens. Sanchez Guerra arrived in Valencia, where he went knowing that it was too late ; but he wished, in spite of everything, to give an example of pluck to all those who, because of their ineptitude, timidity or actual cowardice, had contributed to the failure of the attempt before it began. And he gave it by surrendering to the authorities, declining to escape and taking the whole responsibility on his own shoulders. This fine gesture, followed by his imprisonment and trial by Court Martial, made him not only a most dangerous enemy of the Monarchy but also the most popular politician in Spain, and the unexpected precursor of the Revolution.

Opinions differ concerning the object of the military rising in Valencia. Was it organized only to oppose the Dictatorship or did it include the Monarchy ? There appeared to be a disconcerting variety of opinion amongst the conspirators.

“ Really,” Sanchez Guerra himself once said, in my presence, “ it was perhaps as well that we failed because, apart from our intention of putting an end to the Dictatorship and publishing a ‘ Manifesto ’ to the Country, *no two of us were agreed on what was to be done afterwards.*”

Comments are superfluous.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the speech in the Zarzuela theatre or on the double failure of Sanchez Guerra as orator and politician, because this has been so fully exploited in the Press. The whole of Spain was hanging on to this event which was expected to

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exercise an influence of transcendent importance on the future of Spanish politics. If Sanchez Guerra had lain aside his personal grievances, as some of the foremost men of the Monarchy had done, if he had differentiated between the responsibilities of the Dictatorship and those attributable to the King, he might have left the theatre President of the Council of the Monarchy and could have governed with a huge majority of concentrated parties, even including the most advanced. That is what a real statesman would have done. There remained the other solution, that of declaring himself a Republican and accepting the leadership of the Revolutionary forces of the country, to which he would have been unanimously elected.

That was what was expected by the majority of the great public which, nervous and agitated, filled the huge building to the roof : politicians, revolutionaries, members of the Ateneo, intellectuals, journalists and the mass of the members of the Federation of University Students who crowded the upper passages and galleries. That was what was expected by the agitators and other fishers in troubled waters who were waiting in the street to effect an organized tumultuous manifestation to follow the discourse. Had Sanchez Guerra followed their desire he might have left the theatre future President of the Spanish Republic.

But popular expectation was again disappointed and very soon murmurs of disapprobation were heard.

" Neither for the King nor for the Republic . . . " it was not a speech but rather a disjointed monologue, without idealism or eloquence, full of personal allusions and commonplaces, cut short by the emotion of the

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speaker. Praise of the late Queen Cristina received in glacial silence, was followed by criticism of the King and the Dictatorship : " Many things have happened " . . . " I have lost confidence in confidence " awoke faint murmurs of applause ; but when he declared with emphasis : " I am not a Republican, but I recognize Spain's right to a Republic," the words created a feeling of disapproval among the vast audience which only rose to a measure of enthusiasm with his last phrase : " Never more to serve a master." The dying spark rekindled and he received an ovation for his rebellious epilogue.

The effect of this memorable discourse was disastrous. A Republican summed up the matter in a few well-chosen words :

" The speech was very bad, but the stab at the King was good."

In spite of the " never more ", Sanchez Guerra accepted the royal command to form a Ministry only a few months later ; but, at that time, he was politically isolated, or nearly so ; neither Royalist nor Republicans caring to adhere to his strange creed.

To return to the meeting in the theatre of the Zarzuela. I shall never forget the state of stupor and indignation to which a friend of ours was reduced on that occasion. He was an ex-Conservative Deputy who was in a stage box with my mother and brothers, the late Liberal ex-Minister, the Duque de Almodóvar del Valle, and myself. The unhappy " Sanchez Guerrista " could hardly hide his dismay before such an exhibition, but he was consoled soon afterwards to be able to hear his late leader talking to my mother.

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We had purposely delayed our departure from the theatre in order to escape the crush and, as we were walking down one of the passages at the back of the boxes, we met Sanchez Guerra with a party of friends. He was trying to avoid the street manifestation. After greeting us all and saluting my mother with affectionate respect, he asked her laughingly :

" Well ! Are you going to quarrel with me ? "

Sanchez Guerra always used to declare jokingly :

" I inherited two things from poor Dato :¹ the leadership of the Conservative party and a wholesome fear of the Condesa de Casa Valencia ! "

As she made no reply he repeated his question, and she broke the silence by saying :

" I regret it from the bottom of my heart, but I cannot congratulate you either as a Monarchist or as your friend."

A short and friendly discussion followed, which was listened to without interruption by those who were present and which was reported incorrectly by a number of newspapers. As he was leaving, Sanchez Guerra said to my mother :

" Good ! But will you ever ask me to lunch again ? "

" As often as you like as a *friend*, leaving the politician out of the question."

Meanwhile, as we talked, we could hear the noise of shouting in the street. Cries of " Viva la República ! " were followed by those of " Fuera el Rey ! " shouted by turbulent students under the eyes of the indifferent

¹ Don Eduardo Dato, Conservative Prime Minister, who was assassinated in the streets of Madrid in 1921.

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police. Hundreds of fanatics marched unopposed on the Palace and made a protest. We could hear the shouts and the noise of people running like the roar of the waves breaking on the shore.

As the Conde de Romanones left the theatre, he was surrounded by roughs who insulted him and threatened to kill him, calling him a robber and other pleasant names. The Count, protected by some friends, gave up trying to find his own car, taking refuge in one that happened to be handy.

The Deuce ! a little rehearsal for a Revolution ! Would it not be advisable to get in touch with the heads of the movement, as one never knows what will happen ?

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There is little to be said about the other zealous defenders of the Constitution, a group which only obtained a fictitious importance through the columns of the Revolutionary Press. An absurd instance of this propaganda is seen in the rise from a well-merited oblivion of such an archaic individual as Burgos Mazo, who now began to mislead public opinion with his "Notes" and articles, written with inspired verbosity. Burgos Mazo, one of the most unsuccessful Ministers of the Government, a man whose muddled mentality as a Conservative-Christian-democrat ended by throwing him into the arms of the Republican Socialists ! With him was found the old and embittered Don Miguel Villanueva, an ex-Liberal Minister, a ghost of other times. The clever and subtle Don Francisco Bergamín, whose acute intelligence appears to have suffered an eclipse during those times, voted for the

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Republican-Socialist candidate and then lamented having contributed to his success. And, lastly, there was the eloquent orator, Don Melquiades Alvarez, whose unlucky fate it was to be considered too advanced during the Monarchy and too retrograde during the Republic.

The list can hardly be concluded without mentioning another " Monarchist without a King ", although he was not one of the Constitutionalist Group—Don Angel Ossorio y Gallardo, the clever influential lawyer and fugitive Governor of Barcelona during the " Bloody Week " in 1909. Ever since Señor Ossorio after serving as a Maurist Minister renounced that party, he has been " at the service of the Revolution " and everything that has contributed to weaken the Government or to stimulate the destructive activities of those opposing authority, has had his applause and support. Posing as the protector of violated rights and of the law, he has been, with hardly dissimulated zeal, the champion of demagoguery and rebellion. By an extreme spiritual perversion, Sr. Ossorio habitually betrays the party or the ideal which he pretends to support. A man of the " Right ", as he affirms, his flatteries and deferences are dedicated to the Revolutionary party. As a Maurist, he was a thorn in the flesh of the conservative classes. As a Monarchical Minister, and afterwards as a " Monarchist without a King ", few contributed more to the discredit of the old regime and to the advance of the Republican cause. His very Catholicism was suspect because of his irrepressible sympathies for the enemies of the Church and the promoters of a " civil " state. The

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Revolutionary Press was well advised to treat Señor Angel Ossorio with such marked predilection, surrounding him with a journalistic aroma of publicity by which the ex-“doyen” of the College of Advocates knew well how to profit. His clever sayings, his letters, his interviews, were advertised so widely that even his cat had a patent of republican publicity.

But when the Republic and the Constituent Cortes were actually established, the hour of disillusion sounded both for the ambiguous Constitutionalists and the Monarchists without a King. They quickly passed out of fashion. The triumphant Republicans took no more interest in them for their only use had been to half-open the door leading to the Revolution. Thanks to their having helped to liquidate the Monarchy, they were given certain privileges in the Cortes as a charity and were accorded a few secondary official posts. And that was all.

It is true that their glorious historic action did not deserve recognition, but the punishment was a hard one. Pushed as they were into obscurity, they must have felt like old pieces of furniture that had been useful in establishing a house but had very soon proved good for nothing but the garret.

IV

THE REVOLUTIONARY VANGUARDS

I.—The Revolutionary Press

“Just as in the French Revolution, Masonry recruited its agents from amongst doctors, surgeons, advocates, professors and journalists, insinuating its doctrines not only into the heart of the Government but on to the steps of the Throne itself.”

The Secret Forces of the Revolution,

Leon de Poncins.

IN order to understand the manner in which the Revolutionary spirit gained an influence over the Spanish people, working up through the lowest to the middle classes, it is necessary to study the persistent propaganda carried on by what we may call the Revolutionary Vanguards. To name them in their order we have firstly the Press of the Left ; secondly the University, in which certain advanced Professors converted their Chairs into Tribunes from which they preached rebellion to the students, and thirdly the “Intellectuals”, attracted to the Republic which was to save the country and under which the writers who advocated the Cause would have a share in the booty. Without realizing the power of these three elements,

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let loose against the Dictatorship, and later against the King, it is impossible to understand the working of the campaign, the results of which we have seen in the elections of April, 1931.

And here again we find a grave lack of insight on the part of Monarchical Governments in general and that of Berenguér in particular. As usual, no attempt was made to soften the acerbity of the Press or to attract it to the Government, and there was no realization of the fact that this problem was as important to the maintenance of public order as were those connected with the army and the police. If the greater part of the Press be hostile, it is impossible for a Minister or a Cabinet to govern a country successfully. It is also a mistake to suppose that a total or partial censorship will destroy opposition unless other doctrines are advanced and the enemy fought with his own journalistic weapons. Lenin, when he suddenly suppressed the "bourgeois" Press, supplemented it with that of the Communist Party, on which he concentrated in order to mould the Russian soul, converting it to the new doctrine. Mussolini did the same with his combative Fascist Press in which he subordinated all conflicting aspirations to the supreme interests of the State.

In Spain itself, Primo de Rivera, in spite of his scorn for the Press and his mistaken conception of its power, created his own political organ, *La Nación*. It is true that he had not much following because, having muzzled the Opposition Press, he irritated public opinion by inserting his own articles under the heading: "Obligatory Insertion."

It is hardly to be wondered at that the rage of the

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Press burst forth as if from a seething cauldron when the Dictator fell. But it is strange that Berenguér and his Ministers should not have learnt their lesson ; they simply confined themselves to abstaining from interfering with the Press until the extreme violence of the Revolutionary periodicals and their incendiary campaigns obliged the President, much against his will, to impose the hated censorship.

This remedy, though rigorous in theory, was weak in its application. The censorship of the " Dictablanda " was as feeble as were other measures decreed by this effete Government. The boldest allusions and insinuations continued to appear in the Revolutionary Press, denunciatory epithets concerning the Dictatorship being almost exhausted. Berenguér became the target at which furious attacks were aimed in the Extremist papers ; he was accused of opposing himself to " the just aspirations of the country " which, being interpreted, meant the Constituent Cortes as a minimum, the Republic, if possible, facilitated by an abdication which would save us from risking our lives in a doubtful struggle.

There was one curious omission observable in all this outburst. Cries for vengeance and accusations of all sorts followed the fall of the Dictator, whose dead body was dragged through the mud by the Press. It was said that he had not rendered a single service to his country ; his Ministers were called his " assistants " and were signalled out for popular revenge. The journalistic fury filled the air. " Six years without law ! " " The Dictatorship has lasted for six years, three months and seventeen days. Never forget it ! "

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But where was Martínez Anido all this time? He remained in Spain and not a word was spoken concerning him although the ex-Governor of Barcelona, the hero of the bloody legend and of the internal government of the Dictatorship, had excited the fear and the hatred of the Revolutionaries more than any other politician. It was curious! Guadalhorce and Calvo Sotelo were accused of misuse of the public money; Don Galo Ponte and Callejo were ridiculed. But concerning Martínez Anido, the "heroes of the moment", to quote a suggestive phrase of a politician, maintained a suspicious silence. Perhaps a certain rumour which gained credence from time to time with respect to another Military Dictatorship under the presidency of the Vice-President of the last, may have had something to do with this strange omission. It was said that he was supported by many military and civil elements besides the Free Syndicates, and it was added that the ex-supreme head of the Spanish Police kept a terrible list on which not a few respectable citizens figured unfavourably. Silence, then, silence! This Anido is capable of anything.

The future historian will be amazed when he reads over the revolutionary journalism of this agitated period to find what a mixture of bad faith and vulgarity characterizes the articles. It is not always the matter that is so bad; it is rather the methods used, the use and abuse of stump oratory which the French, with ironic truth, stigmatize as "*bourrage de crânes*", suitable for the illiterate. For weeks and months on end we endured a political recipe for our salvation based on the well-worn catchwords, the "Differential

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‘ Hecho ’ of Catalonia ”,¹ “ the fine political instinct of the masses ” and “ The Spanish people must be masters of their destinies ”. “ The farce of the Restoration ” and the “ lethargy of the Regency ” are phrases that are often used in spite of the fact that these were periods of reconstruction after the most chaotic of republics. But historical accuracy does not trouble these ardent propagandists crying out to the winds of Heaven that “ a Republic is the synonym of peace, order and progress ”, and “ We have a right to liberty and justice ” without forgetting, naturally, “ the just aspirations of the proletariat ”.

It must be remembered that although such stuff had no effect on cultured and refined minds, it was successful in exciting the people ; because, for the Spaniard, impressionable and credulous, above all, if his passions are flattered, the newspaper is the popular Gospel, which is not confined to any special subject.

Another source of social degradation is shown by the fact that the Revolutionary Press of Madrid is chiefly owned by rich financiers or industrialists who propagate democracy and anarchy in order to increase their sales. This lamentable state of the domination of money over the matter, the conscience and the literary style of the Press is one of the dangers of modern civilization. In his “ *The Future of Intelligence* ” M. Charles Maurras has well said that “ the Press has become a dependency of Finance ”, a saying which is singularly apposite in connection with our inconsequent potentates of the Press who will be the first victims of the anti-capitalist doctrines set forth in their columns.

¹ The problem of Catalonia was caused by racial differences.

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And yet they continue to sow the destructive seed !
Let us take a few significant examples.

Almost up to the fall of the Monarchy, the powerful publications, *El Sol* and *La Voz*, expressed the Radical opinions of their founder, Don Nicolás María Urgoiti. Everyone knows that these two important organs were instituted to promote the business of the *Papelera Española*, and it is equally well known that the majority of the shareholders were the Catholic monarchists of Bilbao. In spite of this fact, Señor Urgoiti, a member of the extreme Left, and a man of advanced views, carried out revolutionary propaganda with the money supplied by the opposite camp. It is true that he started by supporting the Dictatorship and that no explanation was given of his sudden change of front or of the animosity which he afterwards expressed for the King and for the Dictator. It is impossible to ignore the zeal with which he worked for the Revolutionary cause attracting into its ranks many intellectuals who had before stood aloof from political strife. He flattered rebellious youths, especially those who were members of the Federation of University Students, reviewed all books which were against the old regime, especially those which were " at the service of " . . . the Soviet or Freemasonry.

More cunning in his tactics, the multi-millionaire, Don Juan March, did not attach himself heroically to any party other than that of his own interests, publishing *La Libertad*, a paper with Radical-Republican views in the morning and, in the evening, *Informaciones* ; an illustrated paper, well-informed, defending order and showing a tendency to a pallid monarchism until

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the Monarchy fell. It is only fair to say that this paper, under the well-known journalist, Juan Pujol, afterwards put national interests before the separatist dogmas of the Revolution. In *La Libertad*, the heretics of Moya, the Jacobins of the extreme Left, collaborate with certain revolutionary emigrants who dreamed of following in the footsteps of Robespierre or Danton. *El Liberal*, reminiscent of the fatal "Trust" and of the "Maura No!" campaigns, and of others which have helped to upset the country, now belongs, with *El Heraldo de Madrid*, to the rich Catalan Industrials, the Señores Busquet, who carry on a campaign destined to increase class hatred and to lead to civil war. The aims of *El Heraldo*, as manifested in its destructive campaign, are even worse than the quality of its paper and reproductions, a fact that does not lessen the incredible success which this paper has with the popular classes, avid for sensationalism.

With the same objects in view, the Graphic Press, with its weekly illustrated papers, gives publicity to revolutionary heroes and events and tries to impress the public with an idea of fierce governmental repressive measures. And we must not forget the later successes of *La Tierra*, a paper in which every existing institution is abused. It was founded by a journalist who was also an ex-Conservative deputy who desired to resuscitate, in his journal, the glories of Marat and Camille Desmoulins. But systematic abuse tires out even the most credulous readers, and *La Tierra* has now no standing in the professional journalistic world. We can place *El Socialista* on a higher level; it is the organ of the Casa del Pueblo

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and the U.G.T.—the General Union of Workers, representing the opinion of Labour. Its red republicanism appears rather pale beside that of the Syndicalistic and Communistic papers sold in our streets.

Such is the Vanguard of the Revolutionary Press which, as we have already said, has acted as the heavy artillery of the second Spanish Revolution and has made destructive breaches in the old fortress of the Monarchy.

At the same time desultory fire was kept up by an avalanche of weeklies, reviews and incendiary leaflets which invaded Spain after the fall of the Dictatorship. From whence came the money to finance this Socialistic propaganda in which the tenets of Marx and the glorification of Bolshevik Russia were so notable a feature? A mysterious affair. It is undeniable that many subterranean and international forces combined to overthrow the Spanish Monarchy.

All these different periodicals appeared to be run according to plan, to be directed by an invisible agency to take part in the approaching struggle. Frequent protests were directed against the mild official censorship, which was continually mocked by a systematic misrepresentation of events, by one-sided reports and by lies. The news was arranged to suit the cause of the Revolution. Visits made by the Queen and the Infantas to hospitals, asylums and clinics were not mentioned; the manifestos and the meetings of monarchists were ignored. If the journeys which King Alfonso made so frequently at that time, both at home and abroad, were reported, all allusion to the ovations which he invariably received was deleted in order to

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make readers think that he had been received with coldness or open hostility.

It cannot be denied that our Revolutionary Press showed very little of the quality that the English call "fair play" in its political campaign. Things have changed so much in Spain that we can no longer say that the Right wing is sectarian or that it is intransigent or inquisitorial ; to-day, all these qualities belong to the extreme Left, which pretends, oddly enough, to have the monopoly of intelligence and liberty of thought. It follows that any embittered scribbler, unknown member of the Ateneo or would-be politician who opposes the regime, is accepted by the rebellious Press, without taking into consideration his individual merits. But if a sage or a literary man does not accept the revolutionary ideal and fight for its principles, then it is arranged to bury him in silence, and so a new Balmes or another Menéndez Pelayo would be treated.

On the other hand, if a meeting be held in some out-of-the-way village, the orators are given a great publicity and the reporter will add noughts to the scanty attendance when he writes an enthusiastic account of the event. We must not forget, also, that there exists an unhealthy delight in tragic sensationalism, and a morbid tendency in the mentality of most Spaniards, which causes them to exaggerate meetings, strikes and students' riots. It would be absurd to ignore the depressing effect that such reports had in the acute state of the public mind. The Revolutionary Press, which aimed at regenerating Spain, has not helped on the tourist trade, having discredited us abroad by representing the country in a perpetual state of anarchy.

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We have yet to consider another feature of this unhappy period, the apotheosis of the "martyrs of liberty", the members of the Revolutionary Committee, at this time imprisoned in the Carcel Modelo, where the principal victims were re-united, receiving visits and conspiring under the ægis of the blindly-quiescent Government. Amongst them were the Señores Alcalá-Zamora and Miguel Maura, promising to ingenuous citizens a "Conservative" Republic, "orderly", respecting the Church and the clergy! Here also were the future founders of the second Republic, the Señores Largo Caballero, Cásares Quiroga, and Fernando de los Ríos. Others had emigrated to France, like Lerroux and Indalecio Prieto, for whose exile many conscientious patriots have wept. And that was not all. Even the rebellious Commandante Franco and his mechanic Rada enjoyed an incredible popularity because of their aerial "record", which was supposed to make them qualified to rule over the destinies of the country.

But over and above all these popular idols were placed the "heroes" Galán and García Hernández, victims of the "reaction that oppresses Spain", although the military rebellion of these two enthusiasts, deceiving others, whom they dragged after them, has not even the saving grace of its pretended heroism.

The political ideals of Galán constitute an absurd jumble of Socialistic doctrines quite incompatible with the iron rule that he wished to impose on our country. All this is well known, but no matter! Two martyrs were needed for the vacant altar of revolutionary

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laicization, and they were consecrated for the veneration of future generations.

We have here a typical case of the "leyenda negra"¹ which history will have to reconstruct. Truly, there was never a time like this pre-Revolutionary period when one might say with more conviction that "the ends justify the means".

¹ *Leyenda negra*. The exaggerated and often untrue statements concerning the Spanish mentality, the Inquisition, etc.

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II.—The University

“ Revolutionary views were spreading and the upholders of such doctrines were busy regaining lost adherents. In the anti-Monarchical campaign the first ranks were filled by the University students, who were inspired by some of their masters.”

The Last Days of the Monarchy.

Conde de Romanones.

EVER since the last days of the Dictatorship the bond uniting the great majority of the students with some of the Professors was very noticeable ; they were not only banded together against the Dictator but, in the rebound, against the King. It is undeniable that the teaching of these Professors, backed by the Masonic propaganda, *camouflaged* under the label of anti-clerical “ laicization ”, which was aimed against the Monarchy and the Church, did much to demoralize youth.

Then, too, the chaotic plan for public instruction advocated by the Minister Señor Callejo, increased bad feeling during the Dictatorship and was held to justify the protests and rebellions of the students. Professors, pupils and fathers of families presented a

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united front against this absurd scheme of the innovating Minister who was actually initiating, without intending to do so, the "revolution from above" which had such fatal effects. A chorus of disapproval greeted the confused official syllabus for the examinations and as if that were not enough the Government, most unwisely, conceded rights of examination, equivalent to those of the official Universities for the Professorate, to two of the Religious Universities. The effect was seen in long pent up anger breaking out at every opportunity, and in street fights and continual strikes by students which put an end to scholastic discipline in less than two years.

Unluckily Primo de Rivera, who was usually more perceptive, decided to support through thick and thin the subversive project of his unpopular Minister. The Dictator thought, ingenuously enough, that the remedy against disorders so prevalent in the University was to take drastic police measures, not seeing that he should have re-established order in the Ministry of Education and in the official curriculum before attempting to tackle the rebellious students. Primo de Rivera was then in that fatal period of his rule when his early successes were being blotted out by the irresponsible impulses which governed him later on ; in this case the result was seen in the long and rather confused struggle which ensued between the obstinate Premier and the ungovernable students who continued to flout his authority. The Press, inspired by the Professors who were annoyed by the action of the Government, supported the rebels and the Revolutionary cause gained strength. Where military

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risings had failed, these students succeeded in accomplishing much by means of street manifestations, fights with the police, ridiculing the Government and appealing to popular sympathies. Probably nothing contributed more powerfully to the weakening of the authority of the Dictatorship than these perpetual difficulties with the students.

It might have been anticipated that the fall of the Dictator which involved also that of Callejo and which was the signal for an outburst of rejoicing in the Universities, would have brought peace to the troubled spirits and re-established the much shaken scholastic discipline. But it did nothing of the sort. There was a short truce during which the Duque de Alba, the new Minister of Education, removed the penalties imposed during the Dictatorship and restored their Chairs to Professors who had been exiled on account of their revolutionary political activities. The country in general appeared unmoved when Unamuno was accorded a tremendous reception which lasted from Irun to Salamanca ; Jiménez Asúa, Sanchez Román and company shone in the aura of a social renaissance. There were beatings of the big drum and ovations in bulk to greet the perpetual " student " Sbert, whom the students greeted with their cry of " Ritorna vincitor ! " Sbert owed his popularity to his well-known hostility to the Dictator and the Monarchy and it occasioned considerable surprise when it was learned that he had been chosen by the Berenguér Government to represent Spain as an *official delegate* at a Congress of Students in South America.

In official circles this move was looked on as a clever

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gesture, but it was received with a murmur of disapproval by the public. It was only one of a series of cunning attempts to propitiate the opposition which met with little success and often led to serious results. One of these was the appointment of Don Elías Tormo as successor to the Duque de Alba in the office of Minister of Education. His blunders and eccentricities made his term of office as disastrous as that of Señor Callejo, in spite of his being in favour with the advanced members of the University. And lastly the Federation of University Students, known as the "F.U.E.", which had been founded with the legitimate object of protecting the purely corporative and professional interests of the students, was converted into a political organization in favour of the Revolution and became a focus of indiscipline and unrest.

It was soon evident that the fall of the Dictatorship, the restoration of the rebel Professors to their Chairs and the recommendations of the authorities to preserve the peace, were all without effect. The unruly students were flattered and excited to rebellion by those who told them that they ought to take an active part in public affairs. Their duty as citizens imposed on them the purifying mission of sweeping away the Spanish Monarchy, the cause of all our troubles. "Fuera el Rey" . . . away with the King! . . . was the war-cry of the headstrong youths to whom support was given by the Press, the Professors and the working classes.

The fact that the King was the founder and initiator of the University City and that he had thus shown his interest in the great cause of education, made no

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difference. The F.U.E. refused to acknowledge the Royal Committee, declaring its existence incompatible with the Monarchy. The Revolutionary students actually defaced the portraits and busts of the King within the University, which frequently gave rise to free fights with the Catholic and Monarchical students who defended them with valour and spirit. Amongst others the fighting brothers Miralles were punished by the Republic for their zeal which gained them great prestige throughout Spain.

The rebel students were always giving trouble. Sometimes they would interrupt classes and insult the master if he were not enrolled amongst Revolutionary ranks, or they would decree strikes forcibly conscripting those youths who held the absurd theory that it was possible to study without letting politics interfere with work. Notwithstanding the protests of fathers of families and of the annoyed public, these perpetual students' strikes succeeded each other without the slightest hindrance. Influenced by fear or by a secret sympathy with the rioters, the Rectors of the Council of Discipline of the Universities, washed their hands in the manner of Pilate, if the aggression started with the Republicans, always laying the blame on the Monarchists. It was even considered a piece of youthful exuberance, while the Monarchy was still in power, to cry "Viva la República !" but to cry "Viva el Rey !" was a challenge to those of opposite views and must not be allowed.

Such one-sided justice was the rule not only in the University Courts but in the world outside ; it was specially noticeable in cases brought before Govern-

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ment in general and before Señor Tormo in particular. Catholic and Monarchical students were always blamed in order to curry favour with the Republicans, giving proof of a benevolent consideration for the enemy. If the disturbance took place in the street, the police had orders to reserve their severities for the young Monarchists or the "legionaries" of Albiñana who often avenged insults to the King by hard blows. In this way much ardent enthusiasm was nipped in the bud and the most active elements amongst the Royalists were demoralized.

Another force to be reckoned with was the sacred law of unknown origin, which functioned inside the University, keeping the authority of the Government outside its precincts, even if a free fight took place as was sometimes the case. From the roof of the University one could throw stones at the police and the passers-by, but the police could not commit the sacrilegious act of entering within its gates. It is true that everyone did not accept such an absurd restriction. For instance, on the occasion of the general strike in Seville, the young Conde de San Luis, who was at that time the Governor of the City, on being informed that the red flag was flying inside the University, sent a sharp ultimatum to the Rector, saying that if the flag were not removed he would come with his soldiers and take it down himself. This salutary severity had an immediate effect; the flag was hauled down in spite of protests. But the passionate protests of the hostile Press caused the weak Berenguér Government to yield to pressure once more. Although the conduct of the Governor had apparently met with their

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approval, it was not long before he received an intimation that he must resign the appointment.

A series of imprisonments and the closing of some of the Universities, far from putting a stop to the students' riots, only encouraged them to further activities until at last, Señor Tormo, the Minister of Education, alarmed at the progress of better organized obstructive measures, decreed a month of unexpected forced vacations. This measure was too late if intended to avert further disturbances, and it created anger amongst the more advanced elements in the Universities, destroying all remnants of good feeling between them and Señor Tormo. The University was now converted into a turbulent Revolutionary agency.

It would, however, be foolish to attribute the hostility towards the Monarchy felt by the young men in the Universities solely to the educational blunders of the Dictatorship. These served as a plausible pretext for indiscipline and for little else. But a real influence was exercised over the youth by the Professors who incessantly passed on new ideas, instinct with a "social" spirit that was anti-religious and iconoclastic. These ideas had been started amongst us by the "Institution of Free Education" and other similar organizations. The "Institution of Free Education" and the "Committee for the Amplification of Studies" were faithful to the doctrines of Ginér de los Ríos, the revered master of Republicans and free-thinkers, and were the first to undermine authority. Founded with the alleged design of introducing into Spain a system of culture in accordance with European and modern ideas, free from "clerical intransigence"

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and the hated "Jesuitical hegemony", it very soon suffered from the anti-clerical opinions of the promoters and degenerated into an atheistic sectarianism which derived its inspiration from the Masonic lodges. The Revolutionary International and its powerful ramifications, could not be ignorant of the importance of attracting the students through the agency of these channels and a campaign was started to instruct them. To form a new conscience, to detach the affections from the old national traditions and to dazzle them with the most advanced social theories, was the work of a few years and the result of the teaching was soon apparent. One of the most important tenets of the new dogma was that the Church and the Monarchy alone prevented the regeneration of Spain.

Three powerful elements have contributed to the propagation of these doctrines amongst the post-war generation of University students. I have alluded to the sinister influence of some of the Professors and to the Press propaganda, supporting all acts of insubordination against authority. To these must be added the encouragement of Bolshevism by certain unconscientious writers and editorial centres founded in order to preach the gospel of Communism in Spain. Religion, morality, family, property, rank, patriotism and respect for the past are all phantoms of the Dark Ages that ought to be relegated to some museum of antiquities. The students were instructed to be "conscious of themselves", that is to say to realize their right to intervene in politics. Youth was no longer the hope for the future but the actual present, ready for action even before school days were over. Youth was

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to act as the true Vanguard of the Revolution which was to save Spain by forming a Republic to destroy the old bourgeois and capitalist society. A republic, a democracy or Socialism could only be accepted as preliminary steps towards the terrestrial paradise of the Soviet now enshrined in Russia.

It is hardly surprising that young men, just starting life in the pleasant frivolity of our times, with its sporting events, exotic dances, American films and literary "vanguardism", should have been poisoned by the virus of false Utopian dreams. A new type of student has arrived; he is conceited, antipathetic, a pedant, wears horn-rimmed glasses, and a Spanish cape and only takes his instructions from Moscow. At the same time the middle class girl student has also appeared; she is arrogant, independent, painted and dressed up like a cinema star; she follows a University training and affects Communism because it puts no bar on free love. Students of both sexes profess an absolute disdain for morality and religion, insisting on entire liberty of conscience and conduct in sexual relationships. The majority are Revolutionaries, atheists, Socialists or Communists and affect that most irritating worship of all things Russian which has already claimed so many victims amongst our youth.

In the formation of professional federations and corporations of students, two forms of intense propaganda have served to lead their activities in the direction of the Revolution. One of these is purely political; its effects are seen in the strikes and manifestations organized by the F.U.E. and the Faculty of Medicine, inspired chiefly by certain doctors who were

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hostile to the old regime ; the other was, and still is occasioned by the flood of corrupt publications, which are often reviewed by the respectable " bourgeois " and " capitalist " Press, which thus makes itself the loud speaker announcing the most daring and subversive ideas. Day after day a paid publicity is given to works which attack religion, morality and all laws, human and divine. Spiritual aspirations are put down to physiological causes. The most scabrous themes of a sexual or pathological character attract as large sales as did the old " fast " novel of other times. And the justification of Bolshevik Russia, her revolution and her leaders, is never forgotten. Lenin and Trotsky are exalted to the rank of humanity's new redeemers, whose god is the Jew, Karl Marx. The coming of red Communism will bring in the new era of liberty which is to save the world. Not a word is said concerning the horrors of the Russian Revolution or of the terrible tyranny of the so-called " Dictatorship of the Proletariat ". Russia shines on the horizon in these works, like a lighthouse, to guide the modern world. Spanish journalists converted into agents of the Third International, publish abroad the delights of the Sovietic Eden, of the Moscow theatre and of the new " Proletarian " literature which delights our youngsters of the Vanguard. The eruption into our literary market of Russian or Communistic literature was so marked in the last days of the Monarchy that the French writer, Henri Béraud, a democrat and a Republican, who was making a survey of Spain, observed it with consternation.

" The Spaniards," he writes, " are actually inundated

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with Bolshevik and Sovietic translations. Their literary market is submerged by them. No other nation would endure such a deluge of red covers and portraits of Stalin."

Unluckily, the picture was no exaggeration and it depicts no less accurately the conditions of to-day. Béraud might have added, moreover, that no other civilized nation would have endured the suicidal propaganda which the Berenguér Government tolerated, or the destructive activities of the Professors of an official University.

VI

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III.—The Intellectuals of the Republic

“ *Malheur à qui agite les profondeurs d’une nation !* ”

Rivarol.

IN this analytical survey of the Vanguards of the Revolution, we can hardly omit some mention of the intensive campaign carried on by members of the Ateneo, the great literary Club which has its headquarters in Madrid and branches all over Spain.

Some of the members were inspired by a romantic impulse towards liberty and hatred of the Dictatorship, others theoretically preferred a Republican form of Government to the monarchical tradition. Several illustrious personages who belonged to this last category opposed the Monarchy during the Regency and throughout the early years of the King’s reign, amongst them Castelar, Pí y Margáll, Costa, Ginér and later, Unamuno, Blasco Ibañez and other lesser satellites. The group known as the “ Generation of 98 ” remained, for the most part, outside party politics in spite of their diatribes against the national disasters. Speaking generally, it was not until after the war and, especially, after the fall of the Dictatorship, that writers

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and literary men began to leave their ivory towers—which, being interpreted, means the cafés or editorial offices in which they met their group—to interest themselves in politics for which they had hitherto expressed their contempt.

Now it is ridiculous to suggest that the reverses in Africa in 1921, the social agitation, the “Juntas de defensa” and the discredit of the Parliament at that time, would have achieved the miracle of awakening the vaunted “spirit of citizenship” among our intellectuals, some of whom were already old, and even failing. Nor can we attribute it to the “six disgraceful years” of the Dictatorship, which they had supported, with a few exceptions, with the greatest equanimity. It was actually the tremendous publicity given by the Press to the case of the exiled Professors and the unconditional applause which writers obtained who devoted their pens to the service of the Republic, that shook the scepticism and the indolence of many forgotten writers. That which love of country had not been able to accomplish was effected by flattery and by other means that were even more persuasive. What a magnificent opportunity to appear on the stage before a vast public which scarcely knew the titles of the authors’ books! What a delightful historical Mission that of supporting a Republic through a long series of meetings, banquets, splendid manifestations to the country in an atmosphere of popular incense! Besides, was it not time that the Monarchy and its rulers should pay the writers for the unjust neglect in which they had languished for so many years? The Republic would avenge their wrongs,

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and heap honours on them if they joined the Revolutionary ranks at once, preaching the coming dispensation. Quick then ! let us vote for the Republic !

Thus occurred the frantic rush to obtain advantageous positions, a rush in which literary men, publicists and Professors of indisputable distinction, were mixed up with an immense crowd of opportunists, of whom the great Benavente has said that " they wished for the Revolution because, on the day after its triumph, they could pass for being clever ".

In the autumn of 1930, the illustrious dramatist gave a lecture in the Ateneo of San Sebastián on " The Intellectuals and Politics ", which fell on the literary world like the classic stone in the pond among the frogs. After criticizing, with scathing irony, the conduct of the Revolutionary Super-men and reminding them of the disasters of the First Republic, he declared that his sympathies were with traditional Monarchy when it was allied to working class Socialism, as it is in England, Belgium, Sweden and Norway.

This lecture, which was afterwards published in *A B C*, was widely commented on everywhere except in the Revolutionary Press. The frogs, or rather the toads, decided on silence and indifference, an attitude which they had adopted for many years with regard to the King of Spanish Literature, whose Nobel prize and continued popularity aroused their spleen. They pretended to ignore his work, not to have heard of the the stage triumphs of the author of *La Malquerida*. Benavente is not now the fashion in literary circles. Blasco Ibañez was in the same case (in spite of his book against the King and the Dictator) because the world-

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wide reputation of the great novelist awoke the slumbers of our embittered National men of genius. The lecture delivered by Benavente gave the lie to the commonly accepted idea that every Spanish writer and every literary man of note was a partizan of the Republic. It is hardly necessary to refute such a statement, but I may mention a few names that prove the contrary. Ramon y Cajal, Palacio Valdés, Blanca de los Ríos, Ramiro de Maeztu were amongst those who refused to sign the Revolutionary Manifesto.

Amongst the future stars in the "Republique des Professeurs", a Republican creed appeared to be an essential of literary talent. Don Miguel de Unamuno's writings as philosopher and essayist were far above the comprehension of the masses; his popular reputation rested on the violence of his journalistic campaigns, the persecution that he suffered under the Dictatorship and the bitterness of his denunciations during exile. Unamuno's mania against the King was due to a deep personal pique. He never lost an opportunity of attacking him, either in Spanish or South American journals, and not even the Royal pardon calmed his passionate resentment. It would, however, be unjust not to differentiate between the deep thinker and spiritual mystic and such a writer as the violent propagandist, the author of *Hojas Libres*.

These isolated cases would not have influenced the trend of public opinion so much had it not been for the activities of the Ateneo of Madrid. For some time the "Docta Casa" had ignored its primary object of serving as a centre of culture and following the example of the University, had become a hotbed of intense

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Revolutionary propaganda. This persistent campaign occupied the attention of the King and of successive Governments, but no notice was taken of repeated commands or of the intervention of those in authority. There was no limit to the flow of democratic eloquence. Sheltering under its own prestige and relying on the renowned figures of some of its chief directors, the Ateneo succeeded in opposing the regime and in constituting itself the censor of the Government. The inviolability of the Ateneo was an established dogma which was not only acknowledged by cultivated citizens but also taken advantage of by a group of ambitious and discontented young rebels who had managed to give the Club a Jacobin and rebellious character.

Primo de Rivera found that the activities of the Ateneo were damaging his political work ; he therefore shut the Club. His mistake lay in not confining himself to this repressive measure. Instead, he formed another Committee constituted exactly like the last one, as he did in the case of the National Assembly. This lamentable interference only excited the wrath of the members and fostered the already existing revolutionary spirit, which was to break out, with delirious joy, when the Dictator fell. The old members of the governing body were then reinstated in their posts amid the rejoicings of the Press and ovations in which the dawn of liberty was freely announced.

Again the President was the well-known Doctor Marañón, famous not merely as a clever doctor and social agitator, but also as the former victim of the Dictatorship. He now perceived that the hour of

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revenge had struck ; he could revenge himself against the state which had dared to fine and imprison him and also against the King, whom he probably hoped to succeed one day as the ruler of Spain. The Revolution was openly prepared in the Ateneo while the longed-for event was still in the future. Apart from a man of genius like Unamuno, there were many Professors, politicians or destitute men who wanted to vent their rage against the King, the Monarchy or the " Responsibilities of the Dictatorship ", who found a safe platform in the Ateneo, with applause from those present and praise in the Press.

I have no intention of giving a list of the subversive speeches or of the separatist conferences that were heard in the " Docta Casa " ¹ between 1930 and the fall of the Monarchy, and even since then. Neither censure nor fines, neither the bitter complaints of Government nor the growing indignation of the majority of the public, succeeded in placing a dyke to stem the revolutionary flood. It was therefore necessary to close the Ateneo again, although the seed already sown was taking root in various social spheres. But the seditious Press continued to protest, affirming that extra licence in speech or writing was covered, as far as the law was concerned, by the " Liberty of propaganda " which is so restricted by the Republic to-day.

This discussion brought on once more a succession of newspaper articles concerning the subvention of the Ateneo by the State. Some independent papers, justly alarmed by the increase of revolutionary propaganda in that centre, asked : " Is it logical that the

¹ House of Sages.

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Spanish State should give an annual income to an organization which is dedicating its energies to the task of destroying the regime ? ” The reply was obvious enough, but bad faith, sheltering under the rhetoric of the Ateneo, managed to falsify the issue. For my part, I wrote an article which appeared in *A B C* in which I quoted the caustic remark of a foreign diplomat who said :

“ It appears to me as incomprehensible that the Spanish State should subvention a revolutionary Ateneo, as it would be if the republican Government of France should subvention the ‘ Action Française ’, the centre of an intensive Monarchist propaganda.”

But neither this argument or others of the same nature succeeded in moving the Monarchical Government to any action except the old measure of a temporary closure.

The Revolutionary Press raised a new clamour of protest, pretending that the official subvention of the Ateneo did not imply any obligation on the part of the Club to “ respect constituted authority ”. There the question remained, it being conceded that if one hand was stretched out to the Government to receive a gift, the other might lawfully be brandishing the incendiary torch which was to contribute to that Government’s extermination.

When the future historian of this agitated period will be able to dip into the archives and to read the correspondence of private individuals, it will be interesting to discover the secret influences which guided the Ateneo towards the Revolutionary goal. Some of these were Spanish, some were foreign. Amongst the

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last may be mentioned the much lauded lecture delivered by Victor Basch, a member of the "Rights of Man League", one of the most genuine representatives of the Grand Orient in French Masonry. Basch came to Madrid not only prepared to give a "lay" embrace to Marañon and Marcelino Domingo at a banquet, but also to speak about the "decatholicization" of Spain, which was to take place with the coming of the new Republic. Later there came others, such as the rich Bolshevik writer André Germain, who brought the "Greeting of the French Intellectuals to the young Spanish Republic", without explaining from whom he had received so important a charge.

It might have been supposed that the change of regime would have calmed the aggressive designs of the Ateneo, but this was not the case. A "bourgeois" writer is considered a fossil at the present time, and the speakers who mount the tribune in the lecture-hall are well-known anarchist-socialists and revolutionaries.

Meanwhile, this sweeping advance of the most extreme opinions ended by alarming the executive Committee of the Club. The liberal Professor and writer, Don Antonio Royo Villanova, resigned the office of Vice-President and Dr. Marañon, who had to compromise in order to make his opposition to the Throne compatible with his interests in his large aristocratic clientele, gave up his Presidency. He was succeeded as President of the Ateneo by Don Manuel Azaña, the future "triturator"¹ of the Spanish army and luminary of the new Republic. The revolutionary policy of the latter, once the reins were in his hands, has

¹ Triturator—literally the "Pounder".

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earned for him a sudden celebrity which his intellectual talents would never have achieved.

That autumn there were signs of great activity among certain literary men and publicists. Desirous of emulating the famous "Pact of San Sebastián", the new tables of the law for the salvation of Spain, a group of "Castillian" writers set themselves to study, with due solemnity, the "Different 'hecho' of Cataluña". Future members of the "Association for the service of the Republic"—they were then at the service of Urgoiti, the inspirer of *El Sol* and *La Voz*—they succeeded in persuading Don Ramon Menéndez Pidal, the Director of the Royal Spanish Academy, to head the literary caravan to Barcelona. Señor Urgoiti was behind the scenes, moving the puppets accompanied by the big drum and fife of his advertising press. He was very keen to impress the people with the importance of this "fraternal" embrace between the literary lights of Castille and Cataluña, almost as if he were organizing a reconciliation between two rival nations. In reality, the Castillian contingent was nearly all supplied by the literary agency of *El Sol*. Later on, a curious collection of unlikely Ambassadors arose out of the envoys, with whose nomination the Republic, without waiting for the "placet" inaugurated an amusing series of diplomatic "planchas".¹ The deputation arrived in Barcelona to find a reception ready prepared. Doctor Marañon, standing at a window in his hotel, cried out :

"Visca Cataluña !"

¹ "Planchas." Equivalent to the French for *gaffe*.

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He was a little in advance of Señor Maciá in wishing a full liberty to the region, and it was noticeable that the "Castilian" writers were cordial and enthusiastic while the Catalan colleagues were so cold in manner that they damped the ardour of the visitors.

Señor Urgoiti certainly exercised a very strong influence over distinguished writers, persuading them to enter the Revolutionary ranks. With far-seeing sagacity he picked them out, praised them to their faces, exaggerated their literary merits to a credulous public, and finally guided them in the direction of the Revolution, opening out vistas of future power. In this way he attracted the veteran Andrenio who, at the end of his life, made a confession of Republican faith in the columns of *El Sol*, although he died of old age before he could enter the Promised Land. Others, more fortunate, who had constituted the head-quarter staff of *El Sol* and *La Voz* during their destructive campaigns, lived to see the hour of triumph and to fill official posts in the lay-masonic Republic—the pluralists of the new regime who have had Embassies and other remunerative posts as a reward for having disseminated revolutionary spirit among the masses. It is enough for us to recall the names of the Señores Madariaga, Alomar, Américo Castro, Bello, De los Ríos, Pérez de Ayala, Baeza, Alvarez del Vayo, Araquistain and company to form an idea of the men who formed this vanguard of the Republic.

And we must not forget Don José Ortega y Gasset, of whom we shall have more to say later on, who was forced, no doubt because of the insistent demands of his journalistic enterprise, to descend from the clouds

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of the ideal in order to place his pen at the service of the Republic. That article of his, "Delenda est Monarchía!" which was intended to act like the blast of the trumpet that threw down the walls of Jericho, had the effect of opening up a new and unexpected political career for the author. The popular lecturer and the favourite philosopher of the ladies of the aristocratic world bade farewell to society and became the inspired leader of the masses. As he alienated himself from smart society he began to see glimpses of possible positions in public life. His name was already suggested for the post of Spanish Ambassador to Berlin when the Republic was proclaimed. Other literary and Academic names were put forward as possible candidates for high diplomatic posts. The Revolutionary propagandists, who were so anxious to abandon individual preferences and to give a chance to all, had already decided on the division of the booty before even the victory was gained.

During the last unhappy months of the Monarchy, we saw a long line of deserters, turn-coats and opportunists of all sorts moving over to the ranks of the Revolution. There were also some comic incidents, of which the following was one of the most amusing. "Azorin" an assiduous collaborator of *A B C*, for which paper he had written for years, declared that since the death of Don Torquato Luca de Tena, the editor of the journal, he had transferred his affections to . . . Don Nicolás María de Urgoiti!

It was not long before he passed over to the editorial chair of *El Sol*, much to the amusement of his friends. One pirouette more, Azorin, the man of the

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pretended literary "sensibility" and of the paltry Machiavellisms, had made one more change of front, forgetting his apology for Maura and La Cierva, and his past positions of Conservative deputy and Under Secretary of Education. But he had not forgotten, on the other hand, that when, during his term of office, the King granted him an interview, his Majesty forgot to praise his works.

In this way the Intellectuals gave up their spiritual independence to the cry of "The Republic is coming!" They converted their disdain for the masses into humble service and were content to swell the ranks of the democracy. Although some of them were accounted masters or apostles, it was merely an empty honour. And after them came an immense multitude of snobs of both sexes, pushing and crowding; the embittered, the failures; the *Corifées* of the Grand Orient; candidates for the role of Robespierre or Lenin; fishers in troubled waters; people wild with the prospect of booty and revenge. Such was the procession organized by the International Republicans, with great figures of the Republic and wielders of the pen well paid to celebrate the deceptive triumph of Liberty.

VII

THE POSTPONED REMEDY—THE CORTES

THE National problem was now centred on the palpitating question: what type of Parliament was to be called into being? An ordinary Cortes, as the Monarchists desired, which would establish Constitutional rule? Or new Constituent Cortes which would suspend the prerogatives of the Crown temporarily, as was demanded by the "Monarchists without a King" and their allies the Revolutionaries?

The postponement of the solution of this problem was the most fatal of all the errors committed by the Berenguér Government. We can see now that had the Government acted with rapidity and resolution at the fall of the Dictatorship, convoking immediately the Cortes, the Revolution would have been disorganized and the threatened Monarchy re-established. It was above all things necessary to reunite the scattered forces of the Monarchical political parties which had been dispersed by the Dictator, in order to make a coalition party that could be welded together to defend the Monarchy against the gathering storm. It was urgently necessary to convoke the Cortes before the summer of 1930, in which case the "Pact of San Sebastián", the sedition of Jaca, and many conspiracies and cabals, which left the Monarchy exhausted on the eve of the suicidal elections, would have been averted.

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But His Majesty's Government, acting as if advised by his worst enemies, contented themselves with repeating the too well-known methods of the old Spanish policy : postponement and evasion, the eternal diplomatic tricks, shortsighted and often in the long run fatal. In short, they lost the finest possible opportunity of restoring the much desired constitutional rule to the country. Weeks and months passed by during which the Government, thinking to act with Machiavellian diplomacy, consistently placed the plans for the election and the convocation of the Cortes on one side. It would almost seem as if they wished to give substance to the Republican statement that the King and his advisers feared the risky hazard of the suffrage and the debates in the future Parliament. It was necessary to restore the constitutional government, although such restoration would be accomplished by an arbitrary one ; but various pretexts were put forward to postpone the desired event. Another necessary reform was that of the electoral census which the Government put in the hands of the enemies of the Monarchy who were quite capable of preparing the mine which exploded a few months afterwards.

The Berenguér Government, which had been formed to rectify the abuses of the Dictatorship, committed the unpardonable offence of prolonging, in its turn, Dictatorial system, governing by decree without sanction of a Parliament, exercising the official censorship and closing institutions at pleasure. The extraordinary part of the affair was that these Ministers, who held in their hands the Dictatorial powers by which they could impose law and order on the country, were

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seized with a "defeatest" spirit and yielded, step by step, to the demands of the Revolution. The agitators were not long in finding out that the severe utterances of the President, as published in the Press, were merely vague threats and that the second Dictatorship certainly merited the sarcastic nick-name of *Dictablanda*, since it offered no resistance to the Revolutionary offensive. By the timidity of the preventive measures adopted and by the frequent closing of disaffected centres, the Berenguér Government acted as if the only fear felt was that of offending the opposition. It is not surprising that the Revolutionaries persisted in their aggression; perhaps they were beginning to realize that the Monarchical fortress, weakly defended by the impassive Berenguér, would crumble before their assault as our African front had done in Annual and Monte Arruit.

Meanwhile the "Ayuntamiento"¹ of Madrid became the centre of revolutionary activity through the activities of the socialist and republican aldermen. Disloyal cries, insults to the King, sarcastic references to the Monarchy and the Dictatorship, were all endured unprotestingly by the good Marqués de Hoyos and the silent Counsellors of the Grandees, who were kept in subjection in spite of their exalted rank. Needless to say, the tumultuous Municipal sessions, in which the Monarchists played so graceless a rôle, were commented on with irrepressible delight in the Revolutionary Press. It was an extraordinary error of judgment to place the gentle and timid Marqués de Hoyos in a position demanding energy and initiative.

¹ Town Hall or Municipality of Madrid.

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His patience and tact in an atmosphere of grossness were rewarded by the thanks of . . . Saborit and the Republicans when he left his post. By another inexplicable error, committed by a future Government, the inexperienced Hoyos was appointed Minister of the Interior at a moment when the very existence of the Monarchy was in danger.

Up to date, however, the game was not lost, although the Monarchists continued to throw away their advantages. Much seditious propaganda was at work in an underhand way both in the Ministry of Labour under Don Pedro Sangro, Marqués de Guadal-Jelú, the well-known Christian Socialist-Democrat, and in the Municipal Council where the agents of the Revolution were busy "rectifying" the electoral Census. In the Governmental offices the Revolutionary cause was gaining sympathizers because of the lamentable spectacle of Monarchical misrule.

The burning question of the moment was the suppression of the power to nominate Alcaldes¹ "by Royal Decree". This was demanded vociferously by the Revolutionary Press, which considered such measures of appointment an archaic and anti-democratic privilege. Here the Monarchical Press, desiring to show its "fairness" and open-mindedness, innocently played into the hands of the Revolutionary Party during the Municipal elections by placing itself in opposition to the Government. The enemy was to be considered up to the extreme limit. Little by little, the time was drawing near when the "Republic was to be served up on a silver".

¹ Mayors of the cities, towns and villages.

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Another question that agitated the political world was that of holding the general elections immediately or of preceding them by the Municipal and provincial elections in order to reform civic bodies and councils, as a first trial of popular suffrage. Here was the touchstone of the future of the Monarchy, as we were to see shortly. Berenguér's judgment was absolutely correct in this case. He wished to convoke the Cortes in the first place, allowing passions to be let loose and the whole question of "responsibilities" to be debated, without prolonging the dangerous state of uncertainty any longer. The Revolutionary Press, which, quaintly enough, qualified the future Cortes as unconstitutional before they were constituted, showed plainly enough the possible opening of Parliament was inspiring fear. The project should have been put in practice without delay in order to regain lost time, but the Berenguér Ministry appeared to be composed of members who had become stupefied through taking some narcotic.

In the beginning of the new era the leaders of the old policy, resuscitated after six years oblivion, were ready to support Berenguér's desire to convoke the ordinary Cortes and avoid the risk of a Constituent Parliament. Ex-Presidents of Council and leaders of parties sympathized with the President although some of them had declined to take office under him. They wanted the Cortes to be exactly as it had always been, with due respect to rank and privileges. What an error! Like the "*émigrés*" of the French Revolution, these phantoms of the past "had forgotten nothing and learned nothing". Their one idea of normality was a return

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to the same Parliamentary methods which had made the Dictatorship possible. The remedy of appointing new men and trying new methods never crossed their minds.

Let us take a cursory glance at the men who composed the Berenguér Cabinet.

The Conde de Bugallal imagined himself to be guarding the spirit of Cánovas¹ intact in a sacred urn and he was only ready to govern his party if the lines laid down by the great Statesman were never abandoned. As if Cánovas would have acted to-day as he did yesterday !

Sanchez Toca, the veteran sceptic, could hardly be expected, given his age and habit of isolation, to produce a reforming programme.

Romanones—that pecuniary victim of the Dictatorship—had declared his loyalty to the Throne and the Constitution and had, at that time, the confidence of the people. But who could rely on a man with his capacity for intrigue, his restlessness and his proverbial pranks which had amused so many ? Of Romanones one might expect the unexpected—almost anything except his fatal blindness which led him to adventure on his mission at the time of the catastrophic elections.

Unstinted praise must be given to the Marqués de Alhucemas on one count. Far from taking advantage of his position after the fall of the Dictator, he declared his firm adherence to the Constitutional Monarchy and Parliamentary rule, directly Primo de Rivera had

¹ Antonio Cánovas del Castillo, born 1828, assassinated 1897, a great statesman who used his influence to bring about the Restoration and was frequently Prime Minister during the Minority of Don Alfonso.

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resigned, and he also manifested his desire to retire from politics in order to leave the field free to younger men. Such disinterested conduct is rare in Spanish political life. It is a pity that the admirable resolve of Don Manuel García Prieto was not echoed in the highest social spheres so that with "new men" the Monarchy might have been strengthened in public estimation.

Don José Sanchez Guerra, who once held the destinies of Spain in his hands, now figured in the Revolutionary Vanguard, demanding Constituent Cortes and the temporal suspension of the royal authority. Who would have believed that this demand, so adverse to the interests of the Throne, would have been adopted, as time went on, by many politicians who had voted for the ordinary Cortes ?

Don Santiago Alba disappointed the hopes of the Revolutionists when he declared for the Constitutional Monarchy from the safe retreat of his exile in Paris ; later on he also disappointed the Monarchists by embracing the Revolutionary cause when the Republic was on the eve of triumph. In his memorable articles in the *La Nación* of Buenos Aires and in his interviews with Spanish journalists, he denied the principle of a Utopian Republic acting as a remedy and declared that the ordinary Cortes would be capable of settling social and political difficulties as well as those of the responsibilities of the Dictatorship. He affirmed his personal indifference to political parties and left his followers free to act as each one pleased in the coming elections. This want of determination left them disconcerted, like a flock without a shepherd ; and the

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prolonged absence of their chief, whose arrival was never announced without being subsequently postponed, gave rise to a thousand rumours.

Another absent politician towards whom various Monarchical groups turned expectantly, was Don Francisco Cambó. But Cambó was ill and he had been absent from Spain during the decisive months preceding the elections. He had a weakness in his throat which prevented him from speaking in public. On this account he was prevented from entering the Government and forming a valuable collaboration which might have influenced the fate of the Monarchy ; for, whatever differences divide Monarchists from Republicans and Catalans from Castilians, the enigmatic figure of the great hero of the *Lliga* might have had sufficient weight to form a new Government within the old organization. The Revolutionary Press, alarmed at the possibility of such a coalition, discharged their heavy artillery at Cambó from this time onwards. They remembered past inconsistent and separatist ideals, his indifference as to the form of the Government, his intervention, to his own profit, in matters of high finance. Their attack was well founded ; it annoyed the Monarchists who were against the separation of Cataluña from Spain and impressed the Republicans who were always up against "capitalism".

Notwithstanding these efforts on the part of the Republicans to discredit Cambó, certain parties of Monarchists who thought that the character and the mentality of the Catalan chief would be of great use within their Government, put themselves into com-

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munication with some of his followers, amongst them with Señor Ventosa. The formation of a Central party was in the air, a party which was initiated by Cambó himself and Don Gabriel Maura, followed by their respective groups. Like all the well-intentioned efforts in this fatal last lap it was started too late to be of real anti-revolutionary service. The absent Cambó was regarded with special consideration and exercised much influence in the Government, especially with regard to the Candidates for the coming election.

Although the Government was of a marked non-political character it was not possible in Spain to trust to the absolute purity of the electoral campaign or to the aspirations of the electors, who usually had none. "Caciquismo",¹ far from being a consequence of a despotic Government, was the system voluntarily adopted by the people or districts which placed their votes in favour of official influence or of money. Wherever there was real conviction, such methods were not used. To deny it is pure Revolutionary hypocrisy. We have seen lately the delicate methods adopted by the Republic exemplified in the annihilation before the elections of whole districts and organizations because they were Monarchical. I can add my personal experience. When I presented myself as an Independent Monarchist candidate for the province of Cáceres in the frustrated general elections for the Cortes, no one asked me what my political programme was, but I was asked what influence I had in the Government,

¹ *Caciquismo* is the influence exercised over ignorant peasants by the local chief man of a district. It is frequently used to overawe voters on political elections.

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who were my supporters in this or that village and if I were disposed to spend as much as my rival so as to assure my triumph at the election. We have here a characteristic example of the electoral weakness of Spain, which is the fault not of the Governors but of the governed.

My intention to enter active political life gave me the *entrée* into the Ministries and a convenient opportunity of observing behind the scenes that which interested me the most—the personalities of the comedy, their intrigues and rivalries.

The partial crisis in the Berenguér Government had ended without other result than that of showing, amongst others, the total incompetency of General Marzo to act as Minister of the Interior. It is difficult to understand the appointment to this post of a soldier who was ignorant of the internal affairs of the Kingdom if the step were not a deliberate playing into the hands of the Revolutionaries. The candidates for the deputyship or senatorship of the Cortes who passed through the Ministry had to interview the “prompter” of the Minister, the Under-Secretary Montes-Jovellar the only one there who was conversant with electoral matters. He was a Maurist and affiliated to the group which followed Cambó and used his influence in favour of that party. When General Marzo at last gave in his resignation, after having been the target at which so many ironies and jibes had been aimed, it was to be expected that his successor Don Leopoldo Matos would be a better organizer and that he would hurry on the Convocation of the Cortes. But I must confess, in spite of my sincere appreciation and friendship for

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Matos, that he was not the man to occupy the post of Minister of the Interior in a moment of such serious public contests. And, in spite of his professional reputation, Marzo appeared as imperturbable as the President, letting events appear insignificant seen through his disposition to optimism, benevolence and humour. His aversion to violence made him act feebly when energetic methods were urgently required. Such a disposition was very helpful to the subterranean currents that were sapping the Monarchy, and were facilitated by the disorganization of the police and the relaxed vigilance under General Mola.

When, during this period and afterwards, I have heard Ministers complaining of the want of support given them by public opinion, I have always been struck by the fact that they lived right away from it in a sphere of blind optimism. They appeared to be surrounded by incompetence or treachery, to be gradually enmeshed by the invisible threads of intrigue. Any adverse or disquieting news was treated with laughing scepticism. The Government was convinced that time was being gained while it was being lost.

Speaking of this peculiarity reminds me of several banquets which took place during the winter in the palace of the Duque de Alba. After dinner, mysterious confabulations were held between our Amphitryon, Berenguér, Matos, Hoyos, the Duque de Miranda and any other official personage who might be present. Perhaps these well-meaning men thought that they held the destinies of Spain in their hands, but they only possessed an apparent authority without effective support. Who knows if the enemy himself were not one of

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the guests, received by the master of the house with a splendid hospitality that included writers and intellectuals who were already supporters of the Revolutionary cause? Had not doctors of repute, who were Republicans, the *entrée* of the Royal Palace, and had not Revolutionary propaganda penetrated up the backstairs?

Meanwhile, the Revolutionary party changed its tactics. It was considered advisable to renounce violence after the failures of Jaca and Cuatro Vientos. For the time the working classes did not dare to demonstrate in the street. But the violent campaign in the Press continued, throwing discredit on the coming elections, advising abstention and trying, by all possible means, to prevent the assembling of a Monarchical Parliament. If this result could be attained, then the Revolution had, indeed, gained the battle.

VIII

IN DEFENCE OF THE MONARCHY

ON what forces could the Monarchy rely when called on to oppose the Revolution? On none—if we are to believe the Opposition Press—save the parties forming the extreme Right. That is to say, on a few antiquated politicians, about the same number of generals, the majority of the clergy and those Catholics who feared the anti-clerical spirit of the Left.

In reality the case was very different, and it may be said without exaggeration that, up to the eve of the elections, though there was ill-feeling in the lower classes against King Alfonso, almost the whole of Spain was Monarchical. In the April elections, which were accounted adverse to the Monarchy, we find that a coalition of all its enemies secured the Republican triumph in Madrid and the provincial capitals, but in the rest of Spain the number of Monarchists elected was far in excess of the Revolutionaries.

What happened was that the Monarchists went to sleep, lulled by a sense of security. They ignored the effects of the subversive propaganda and would not listen to alarming rumours. Why? The loyalty of the Army had been proved by the abortive attempts of Jaca and Cuatro Vientos, quickly suppressed. Nothing was happening! Neither the members of the General Union of Workers or the Syndicalists had

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rushed to arms to oppose the Civil Guard. While one might count on the loyalty of the Civil Guard, one might sleep tranquilly. Perpetually one heard the threat of an imminent revolutionary general strike throughout Spain, but as it never materialized fear had been banished. It was quite enough to declare Martial Law for a rising to be quashed. In short, although the Berenguér Government appeared to be waiting on events instead of going to meet them, public order was maintained and the Revolution seemed to be suppressed.

The "loyal" Monarchist who signed his name at the Palace on great occasions and might even be present at the Royal functions, with the same regularity as he attended Mass on Sundays, argued in this manner; and apparently with reason. The Army and the Church appeared to be the two strong columns on which the Throne of Spain rested . . . only, instead of being made of granite these columns turned out to be composed of painted cardboard. At the time of which we are speaking, however, Spain was still supposed to be fervently Catholic. Religion, it was said, was firmly rooted in the hearts of Spanish women, who would never allow the slightest limitation to its supreme spiritual sovereignty. The high Dignitaries of the Church, the Religious Orders, had nothing to gain from the coming of a "lay" and anti-clerical Republic. The bond of class solidified the adherence to the Monarchy of the Grandees, the aristocracy, the bankers, capitalists, rural proprietors and of the upper-middle classes. And if money, moved by the instinct of self preservation, was on the side of order, with what reason would one fear a Revolution?

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It must be remembered that besides the political parties which had been disseminated by the Dictator and which were being reunited, there were other reserves. The pity of it is that these forces, full of energy and anxious to defend the Throne, such as the Catholic Students, the "Monarchical Youth", the young men of the "Acción Ciudadana" and the fighting "Legionaries of Spain", commanded by Doctor Albiñana, were all dispersed and never received the Government support which was their due. On the contrary, far from being made good use of to oppose the riots of the Revolutionary Vanguard in the streets, they were discouraged even when they were not officially forbidden to act and were eventually disorganized. Voluntary inaction in the face of disorder could not have been carried further by a Government which did nothing and would not even allow others to work for its advantage. The moneyed classes, also in my opinion, acted unwisely in not supporting the leagues and juvenile Associations which were prepared to repress public disorders, supplementing by their energy, the inertness and feebleness of the Government.

But the error which contributed more than any other to the rout of the Monarchist parties was their suicidal disdain for propaganda, their ignorance of what is now known as the power of the Press. If we do not remember the vital fact, on which I have already insisted, that the Revolutionary Press was the heavy artillery of the Republic, we cannot understand the sudden change of regime. Without its violent campaign with its ceaseless bombarding of the badly fortified Monarchical

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positions, imitating the preparatory bombardment of the guns before the final assault of a military position, the tactical triumph of the elections would have been an impossibility. When the numerous Monarchical forces tried to unite in order to oppose the violent offensive of the enemy, it was already too late and almost all their trenches had fallen into the hands of the latter.

Not to have contributed to the creation of a powerful Press which would defend order and fight against the numerous noisy organs favouring chaos and the Revolution, gave evidence of a grave want of foresight on the part of the Monarchical Governments and of the rich members of Spanish society. From the beginning of the contest, the numerical inferiority of the anti-Revolutionary Press gave an heroic character to many of its campaigns, especially during the ferocious attacks by the opposition on the eve of the fall of the Monarchy.

In the first rank of the Monarchical papers we must place *A B C*, the premier paper of Spain both on account of its enormous circulation and its *prestige*. Since those distant times of the Masonic campaign "Pro Ferrer" it has been the target against which the inflamed anger of the Revolutionary Press has been hurled; against such attacks the paper has raised a powerful wall of social defence. The absolute independence of *A B C*, in its political views, its patriotic campaigns, have attached to it the great mass of Spanish opinion which is neutral, free from party prejudice and only desirous for the well-being and prosperity of Spain. Needless to say, this fact gained for it the implacable hostility of the Jacobin Press and

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of the false apostles of the Proletariat and also of the Casa del Pueblo which desired to hold all the organs of the Press as well as the working class Syndicates under its despotic authority.

There is no need for me to praise *A B C*, especially as I am a contributor to the pages of the great journal and my appreciation might not seem disinterested. But it is necessary to note that, apart from high services rendered to the Country, no paper has defended with greater energy the cause of law and order—that cause which was as remote from the ideals of the Dictatorship as from those of the Republic. Juan Ignacio Luca de Tena, who has identified himself with the Constitutional Monarchy and with Parliamentary Government, has also inherited from his unforgettable father an enthusiastic admiration for the character of King Alfonso XIII. This enthusiasm of a noble heart was not only expressed in anonymous articles written when no one foresaw the fall of the Monarchy ; in the hour of panic, of sudden *volte face* and treachery, he gave a rare example of loyalty, risking prison and persecution rather than sacrifice his innermost convictions.

When the hour of danger arrived a few of us who were contributors to this paper, rose up to oppose the flood of mad dissension which was invading the Peninsula. In the editorials of *A B C*, the formidable polemist José Cuartero refuted the deceptive Revolutionary ideal and ridiculed with his pointed wit the Utopias as well as the revilings of its theorists. Another dissipator of nebulous democracy and dogmas of equality was Manuel Bueno, one of the most cultivated and sagacious minds of our times. Gabriel Maura

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also brought the prestige of his signed articles to the columns of *A B C* during the months that preceded his entry into the last Monarchical Government. Lastly, Victor Pradéra, Sanchez Mazas, Juan Pujol and I, amongst others, acted as "guerrilla" troops of the pen before the organized forces of the Republic. Needless to say, our activity brought down on our heads indignant protests or violent satirical innuendos in the "Gutter Press" which I, at any rate, felt flattered to receive, so ignorant and stupid were they.

Let us continue to name the small list of Monarchical papers which were published in Madrid and extended their influence through the provinces.

The illustrated daily paper *Ahora*, founded with the charitable idea of stealing the vast clientele of *A B C*, supported the Monarchy feebly until the life-giving date when the Republic was proclaimed. There are ideals which always coincide with the ruling power, whatever that may be. Notwithstanding there was one among the collaborators, a thinker like Ramiro de Maeztu, who had, for some years past, renounced the Revolutionary myth and had returned to the historic and religious traditions of the Spanish mother-country.

El Debate, the great Catholic daily, belongs to the Right wing in politics ; very modern in the informative and periodistic sense, it has an extensive range of social influence. It stands for religion, family, authority and order ; and also for an advanced policy for the working classes with the rather fallacious idea of thus attracting them to the doctrines of the Church. Perhaps this ideal, which is strengthened by continual quotations from Pontifical Encyclicals and by always

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placing the policy of the Vatican before that of Spain, has contributed to the idea that *El Debate* is rather an organ of the Vatican translated into Spanish than an independent Spanish paper.

Well informed and aggressive *La Nación*, the old organ of the Dictator, still defends his work with courage against the campaign of hatred and defamation that is waged with the intention of denying it any merit. *La Nación* does not only understand how to defend itself, but attacks with a mordant irony which always wounds the adversary. Both before and after the Revolution this paper has published facts which no one dared to bring forward. By means of *La Nación* we have often learned the real motive of certain subversive campaigns and have been able to reduce to their true importance certain figures which strut on the Revolutionary stage.

The important evening paper *Informaciones*, although during the last days of the Monarchy, it affected a timid allegiance to the ruling power, has contributors of various political opinions. It has not yet passed into the hands of its future editor Juan Pujol.

We must not forget the *Epoca*, true blue Conservative, which, if its circulation is limited to certain political and aristocratic circles, often publishes interesting editorials; although these are unsigned, one can recognize the competent pen of the editor-in-chief, Mariano Marfil.

The *Imparcial*, on the other hand, in spite of the fact that it has lost some of its old influence in the Spanish journalistic world, has carried on, during the troubled times, a very successful campaign in favour of a

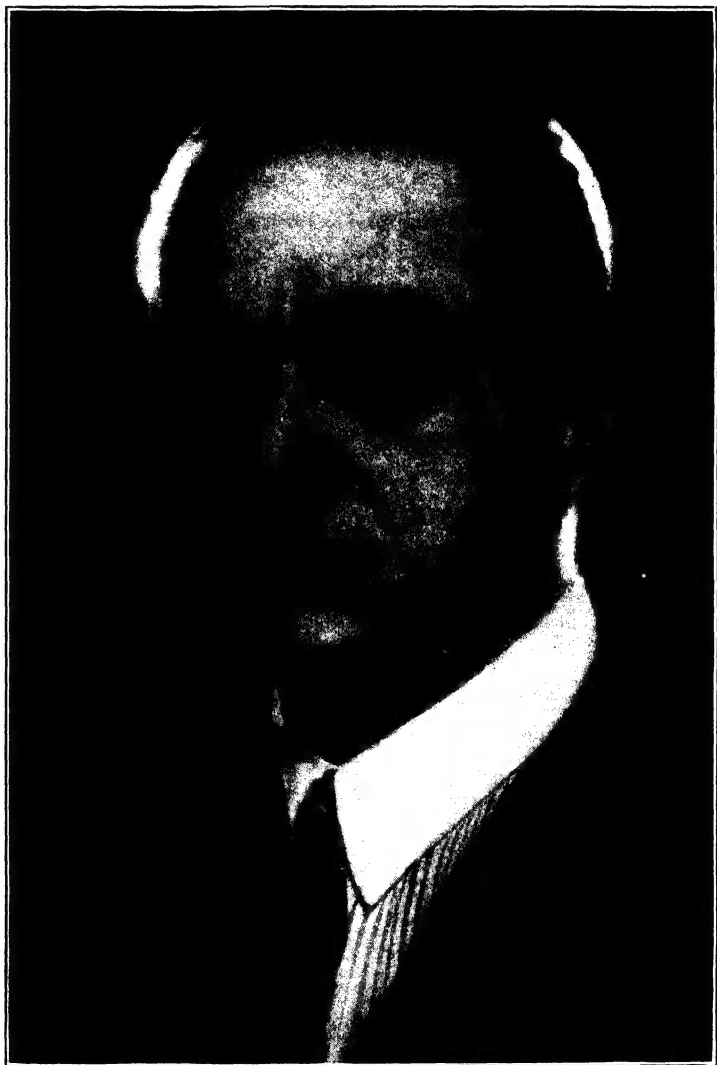
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reformed policy for our Monarchy, stressing the urgent necessity of certain legislative reforms, amongst others the partial autonomy of Cataluña, forestalling the Revolutionary programme.

I close the list here, although I might add *El Siglo Futuro* and other extremist organs of the Right. Their numerical inferiority compared to the vast number of Republican journals makes them insignificant ; they cannot compete with the dailies and illustrated papers, the Anarchist weeklies, the libels and clandestine pamphlets which carry the Revolutionary propaganda all over Spain.

There was something worse than a scarcity of periodicals in the Monarchical camp, and that was the want of unity amongst themselves. There was none of that collaboration which was so notable in the opposite camp, where any rebellious gesture or useful manœuvre gained instant publicity. For this reason I maintain that we Monarchical writers acted as the guerrilla troops of the pen, striving for an ideal without other encouragement than verbal congratulations or a written message from people in social spheres that were usually typical of absolute inactivity. The Monarchical Governments committed the mistake, among many others, of never encouraging or recompensing those who relit the flame of loyalty to the Monarchy, which was threatened by the winds of the approaching tempest.

The principal Officers of State were like the old politicians ; they lived outside the current of public opinion. They grumbled at certain Press campaigns much as one might grumble about the weather. " It



DON ALVARO ALCALÁ-GALIANO
(MARQUÉS DE CASTEL BRAVO)

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will pass ! ” What did pass was the opportunity of acting with energy, supporting the friendly Press and organizing the youth whose associations stood up manfully in the streets, substituting their energy for the inconceivable apathy of the Government.

The typical cases of Doctor Albiñana's " Legionaries " and of the scurrilous weekly paper, *Nosotros*, will be remembered.

The Legionaries of the combatant and energetic Doctor Albiñana had taken their part in public life with great success, suppressing the disorderly elements much as the " Camelots du roi " had done in former times or the Italian Fascisti in our own. It was only to be expected that the success of these irruptions should have infuriated the Revolutionary Press. The scandalized indignation of their protests can be imagined ; they demanded the disarmament of the Legionaries in order to leave the field free for their own. But it is inconceivable that the Berenguér Government should have placed difficulties in the way of Doctor Albiñana so as to make his work void, knowing that the workmen and students who were partisans of the Revolution were all armed. Another error, in my opinion, was the coldness with which this valiant group of defenders of the Throne were treated in the Monarchical journals, not omitting the columns of *A B C*. But so it was and, between one thing and another, they were undefended when the assault on the editorial offices of *Nosotros* took place.

This Communistic weekly paper was edited by a South American, Don César Falcon, who permitted himself to carry on a Revolutionary propaganda in

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Spain, which was especially directed against the Monarchical Press and its collaborators. Each one of us had been the target of his ill-natured and stupid comments, which were treated with the contempt they merited. But the Legionaries, when attacked, were less disdainful, and, as a retort, they sent some of their number to the office of the paper with instructions to leave some record of their visit. But the hour was ill-chosen, the staff were absent and the Legionaries therefore confined their activities to smashing some of the machines and to throwing the furniture out of the windows.

The excitement in the Opposition Press can hardly be described. One would have thought that the Casa del Pueblo had been burned or that the execution of the Revolutionary Committee of Madrid had been decreed. The least that was demanded was the dissolution of the Legionaries and the head of Doctor Albiñana. The Government did not concede so much, but two or three of the assailants were imprisoned for some months in order to atone for their "*lèse-democracy*". Doctor Albiñana was censured, all the Monarchical papers joining in the chorus, for disturbing the law. Quite evidently the right course would have been to send the foreign subject César Falcon over the frontier. When at last this act was accomplished, it was only because of the protest made by *A B C*, and very much against the wishes of the Urgoiti Press that protected the meddling South American journalist.

The sequel of this episode is as follows.

When the Republic was proclaimed the "liberated

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masses " broke into the editorial office of the journal published by the Legionaries, smashing everything until the furniture was reduced to matchwood ; this deed was celebrated as " an act of justice " by the zealous defenders of the " Liberty of the Press ".

In short, not only the Government but members of the old political parties fell into the grave error of not reforming the Monarchical scheme and of making this interim a period in which the hope of a return to the peaceful rhythm of Parliamentary procedure in the years anterior to 1923, were held out. They did not realize how much water had flowed under the bridge ; they did not understand that the new currents necessitated dykes to contain them lest they should overflow their banks. And so, whilst the Revolutionaries were promising their adherents a terrestrial paradise as soon as the Republic should be proclaimed, the Monarchists contented themselves with upholding the Monarchy as the basis of order and tradition and the only remedy against the leap into space which a Republic signified. For this reason I think that *El Imparcial* was right when it demanded with urgency that a scheme for a reformed policy should be incorporated in the Spanish Monarchy. With the same urgency this paper supported the collaboration of Cambó and of the " Regional League " as a means of satisfying Cataluña's aspirations towards autonomy without severing the sacred bonds of national unity. New plans must be tried and new men found differing from those of the old order who were not adaptable. At the same time, during this turbulent period, I supported Alba and Cambó, in my

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articles, against the judgment of the majority of Monarchists. It is true that the first ended by justifying the want of confidence felt in him by the party ; but we will speak of that later on.

Even so, I consider that if in my articles in *A B C*, published before the fall of the Monarchy, I was preaching in the desert, owing to the collective blindness of the public, I may say, on the other hand, that they were prophetic, as my readers may prove for themselves by referring to them. I warned the public that a " Conservative " Republic, artfully promised by the Señores Alcalá-Zamora and Maura, was a myth in direct opposition to the trend of Revolutionary activity. I said that the coming Republic would be sectarian, anti-religious, anti-military and Masonic, disguised as a " laical " Republic. I alluded jokingly to the future trial of the " Responsibilities " and to the rehabilitation of Ferrer, without imagining that my words would be so soon justified. To continue : I foretold the effect that certain Revolutionary propaganda would have on the uncultivated masses and the class hatred and low ideals which were the inspiration of the leaders. I was acquainted with the extravagant theories held by many of our literary men whose antiquated notions are inspired by the League of the Rights of Man and who still see the French Revolution lit up by the impassioned lyricism of Lamartine and Michelet. If the writers who think themselves " advanced " would take a journey through France to-day, they would see what the intellectual world thinks of the Revolutionary creed of 1793. And if they were capable of observing the panorama of world politics, removing their rose-

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coloured spectacles through which they survey Utopian equality, they would note that only France and Switzerland alone among the countries of Europe have succeeded, with the aid of their riches, their vitality and their resistance to the destructive effects of democracy, in prospering under a Republican Government. On the other hand, the remaining Republics of the Continent and those of South America, oscillate between a Military Dictatorship and perpetual revolutionary risings which our absurd supermen label as symptoms of vitality.

Where, then, shall we find true liberty coupled with order, innovating progress of the most advanced legislation combined with the respect for traditions which have made a country great? Curiously enough, among the European Monarchies such as England, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, which stand at the head of civilization. The stability of the Throne is found to be compatible with the most radical innovations in these countries, which even harbour Socialism, the gangrene of modern states and a ruinous experiment in Monarchies as well as in Republics. I have already written in my essay on "The Decadence of Europe", that the true cause of this decline is not solely the Great War, but also the destructive invasion of our Continent by Socialism. Only those states which have resisted its fatal influence will make an economic revival, inspired by new veins of national energy, as Fascist Italy has done under the genius of Mussolini, or by internal prosperity as the most independent of the Republics, the United States, has done in America.

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Because I have spoken the truth in opposition to the deceitful promises held out in meetings and newspapers, I have been called an "escritor palaciego",¹ and even a Conservative, which is very amusing. For, to tell the truth, I do not see myself affiliated to our Inquisitors of the Sacristy or to the Parliamentary hosts led by Bugallal. But if they wish to say that I am "Reactionary", in the anti-revolutionary and anti-democratic sense of the word, then we are agreed. It is precisely because I have studied the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution that I detest the false literary theories which lead to chaos and anarchy, to rivers of blood which always end in the most implacable tyranny, whether it be called Convention or the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat". I have turned my back on the antiquated and absurd ideals, origin of the "Weaknesses of democracy" which Charles Benoît, the French ex-Republican Democrat, has analysed with unsurpassable ability. The theories of the Nineteenth Century have failed us in our times, as can be proved by a reference to the European political literature of the day. For my part the lyrical prose of Lamartine and Michelet is less convincing than Taine's *Origins of Contemporary France* or Renan's *Intellectual and Moral Reform*. To mention some books which have begun to change the political ideal of modern Frenchmen we have : the critical school of Maurras, who has so powerfully influenced the youth of the day ; the political and social writings of Léon Daudet, Bourget, Bertrand, Madelin, Lenôtre and others ; while the sanguinary Utopias of the Revolution have been

¹ A Courtier writer, alluding to the author's connection with the Court.

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analysed with keen logic by the new Historians like Bainville and Pierre Gaxotte.

I need hardly state, after giving this short list, that I prefer Maurras and Mussolini to Marx and Lenin, a work by Chesterton or Belloc to a speech by Lloyd George. And, finally, I still consider that Cánovas was the ablest Spanish statesman in the Nineteenth Century, that the Restoration was not a "lethargy", as our Revolutionaries pretend, but an era of progress after the collapse of the former Republic, which failed even although there were in the first Revolution men of mark who are wanting in the second.

I trust that my readers will pardon this dissertation, the object of which is to explain my defence of the Spanish Monarchy, a defence to which I am not impelled by a sentimental atavism, but by personal conclusions drawn from my experience of actuality. And now, before continuing to analyse the causes of the fall of the Berenguér Government, we must consider a pompous "Manifesto" which caused a sensation when published on account of its signatories, although its contents were couched in the old revolutionary jargon which is only admired by the deluded or the embittered.

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WHILE the journalistic battle about the Cortes was at its height, there sounded suddenly a clarion call which arrested public attention. This was nothing less than a new Manifesto to the country, which was looked on by the Revolutionaries as being of paramount importance for the future of Spain. The novelty of the Manifesto consisted in the fact that, on this occasion, it was not signed by a group of professional politicians or a Strike Committee, but by an intellectual triumvirate who had decided to intervene in the affairs of the Nation “in the service of the Republic”.

The said triumvirs thus constituted as heralds of the future regime were Don José Ortega y Gasset, Don Ramon Pérez de Ayala and Don Gregorio Marañon. The amusing part of this grave document consisted, as far as I was concerned, and probably for many others, in reading the signatures of the last two after that of Ortega, the three men being fraternally united in a spirit of Republican idealism. What a true “lay” miracle was this, the precursor of others equally unexpected ! We live and learn !

The official Censor committed the mistake of delaying the publication of this Manifesto for several days, which increased the general curiosity and the supposed

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importance of the document's contents. When at last the flaming Manifesto appeared it was saluted with enthusiasm by the Revolutionary Press and with an admiring chorus in intellectual circles.

Ortega, Ayala, Marañón ! Signatures of incontestable distinction, kept constantly before the public by the activities of the Press ; let us analyse the value of each and the use of each with regard to the Revolutionary cause. . . . It was a brilliant idea to unite these three personalities representing the Professorate, Literature, and the faculty of medicine, as a tempting bait which would attract innumerable ingenuous people, as well as the snobs and opportunists of the various professions, who were delighted to find themselves in such illustrious company.

I have no intention of quoting in full the contents of the Manifesto or of commenting on the criticism which appeared in *A B C* on the tenth of February, in an article from an anonymous writer whose strictures were as sharply penetrating as a surgeon's knife. I will only quote a few paragraphs from the former for their solemn tone and their bitter criticism of the old regime. The triumvirate think that the historic moment has come for their appearance in the political arena prepared to remedy our national disasters.

" There must be persons better qualified than ourselves," they confess, " to undertake an enterprise of this nature, to initiate and direct the work. But we have waited in vain for the call, and as the matter does not admit of delay or evasion, we find ourselves obliged to make it, while conscious of our limitations."

This laudable modesty, however, is quickly trans-

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formed, in obedience to a sense of duty to the Country, into an attitude of fierce abuse as from official Censors.

“ The traditional Spanish State has arrived at the last stage of its decomposition. This is not caused by the powerful forces opposed to it ” (the reader may note this fact) “ but it is succumbing, corrupted by its own internal vices. The Monarchy of Saguntum has not known how to convert itself into a Nationalized institution ; that is to say into a system of public power which would penetrate into the deepest needs of the Nation and become one with them. On the contrary, it has been governed by groups of private people who have lived as parasites on the Spanish organism, using public power for the defence of the special interests which they represented.”

Let us wait a moment. Let us meditate on the prophetic nature of these words. Leaving aside the “ Monarchy of Saguntum ”, we appear to be anticipating the state of affairs prevalent a few months afterwards during the rule of the “ Republic of Workers ” with its official pluralists, its privileged clients and its well-paid posts in the service of the depleted National Budget.

Further on, they explain their general attitude, saying :

“ For this reason we think that for the Monarchy of Saguntum must be substituted a Republic which would inspire all Spaniards with dynamic force and discipline, calling them to the sovereign task of resuscitating the History of Spain, renewing the life of the Peninsula, in all its regions, attracting all talent, imposing a pure and strict law, giving full play to justice, asking much from every citizen, etc.”. . .

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In short, a Republican paradise in which no one could have foreseen the fines, imprisonments, exile, suppression of papers, religious persecution, burning of convents, prohibition of meetings of the “ Right ” and the other abuses or defects in public rule which the new triumvirate of redeemers passed unnoticed in their successive Manifestos. Deluded, no doubt, by a praiseworthy optimism, which was guiding them to the Promised Land at the head of the lost Spanish people, they proceed :

“ Such is the immense work which the times demand. We place ourselves at its service. It is not a question of forming a political party. We do not want to part, but to unite. We propose to initiate a very wide group ‘ in the service of the Republic ’, and we look for help among the following : ”

Here followed a vibrant appeal to the Professors, writers, artists, doctors, etc. ; that is to say, to all those who were, in a majority, in sympathy with the Revolution, and asking, naturally, the “ collaboration of youth ”. We must not omit a sententious paragraph placed after this appeal :—

“ We would extend a heartfelt welcome to the priests and monks whom, as Nationalists, we would not exclude ; but we fear that we have no influence over those respectable social forces.”

Yes, truly ; it did not seem fitting that these three notorious anti-clericals, not to put it more strongly, amongst whom was the author of *A.M.D.G.*, should attempt to attract to their party the priests and Religious Orders whose expulsion they were to witness with a sentiment approaching joy.

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I confess that the famous triangular Manifesto (what a symbol !) raised too much of a storm in the social spheres so much frequented formerly by Ortega and Marañón. Neither the clamorously admiring chorus nor the deep resentment shown were appropriate to this attitudinizing which was better met with a smile. The severe bringing to judgment of the " Monarchy of Saguntum ", at the cost of which they had lived so well during its apogee, was really amusing. State appointments, Professorships, appointments " *de real orden* ", Chairs in the *Royal Academies*, and other smaller posts were enjoyed by them throughout the Monarchy, although during the Republican regime they were never offered to their opponents.

The attitude of Ortega, Ayala and Marañón is wanting in the moral authority which characterized that of Sanchez Guerra and Unamuno when they openly opposed the Dictatorship, risking imprisonment and exile in so doing. The trio acted late in the day, moved by a calculating spirit ; far from initiating a rebellion with virile audacity, they were following the intellectual fashion of the moment, giving it a decidedly literary character. This tendency is very typical of Ortega y Gasset ; like the prose of the Manifesto, which bears the mark of his dogmatic style, he is always pedantic. In reality, up to the very eve of the Revolution, Ortega refused to join in the Revolutionary ranks or to lead any group of politicians ; possibly his meditations as a solitary thinker would have been disturbed. The " *Delenda est Monarchía !* " and the rather belated Manifesto were due to the Revolutionary current that dragged him along rather against his

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will and to the puerile fear that the “Vanguards” and the “rebel youth” would consider him out of date. It was also rumoured that the management of *El Sol* insisted categorically that their distinguished collaborator should give his personal support to the Revolutionary campaign.

It would not be strange if there were some truth in this supposition. It would be almost impossible for Ortega to neglect the wishes of the powerful journalistic enterprize that had done so much to magnify his intellectual gifts; he would consider them not only for pecuniary reasons, but also because of the big drum with which they were wont to accompany his least expansive utterances. *Au fond*, Ortega y Gasset is the victim of the surroundings and the times in which he lives. He is incapable of reforming them as he would wish, but adapts himself to the new rhythm, giving it an air of originality by expressing it in his sibilline literary style. He is a learned Professor, saturated with German culture, enjoying philosophical and literary novelties, whether they emanate from Spengler, Kaiserling, or Proust. His cleverness consists in having converted himself into a “boy scout” explorer of ideal European panoramas dazzling his ingenuous readers with his large folios in which he represents himself to Spain as the discoverer of—things already discovered beyond the frontier.

It is difficult to understand why critics persist in calling Ortega a philosopher when his most illuminating work is that of an essayist with a restless spirit that inspires him to seek new horizons and to treat all sorts of subjects with his pen—not always with the same

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success. Ortega could never forget how much he owed to Buenos Aires where he was transformed into an elegant and fashionable "intellectual". After his return to Madrid the doors of the most exclusive Salons were opened to him, and he figured in them as a sententious and dashing philosopher. Certain lovely ladies of the aristocracy, who were incapable of opening *El Espectador* or *España Invertebrada*, except in nights of insomnia, were in ecstasies over this Platonic Don Juan, hypnotized by his ardent gaze, his deep voice and the studied ease with which he would throw out ideas or theories, playing with them like a juggler with his balls. Ortega has become the actor of himself, the impersonator of the Superman imposed on the public by means of a tenacious Press campaign. He knew well how to take advantage of his opportunities and to profit by a deceptive appearance, although Marañón had the advantage of him in this. While Society was brilliant, the notorious weakness of the "philosopher" was for the "Salons" of Duchesses and Countesses, for dinners in the palaces of the nobles and for royal banquets. Perhaps his greatest vanity consisted in his power to attract great ladies and high officials to his lectures, the very people for whom he manifested so much disdain at the fall of the regime. Who would have thought that beneath the correct dress coat and the starched shirt there was hidden a terrible Revolutionary who was prepared to wipe out the past? Who could have divined his disdainful references to "the dandies of the Monarchy" together with his apologia for Belmonte and his character of fashionable lecturer up to date?

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No one ; perhaps not even himself. But new winds were blowing, and intellectual snobbishness adopted a new pose. The “ Master ” Ortega, self-deluded before so vast a field of experience, imagined himself entering the political arena and encouraging the multitude by his incisive words. In short, the old story of the popular comic singer aspiring, when no longer young, to turn into a dramatic actress.

The case of Marañón is much more complicated, but I shall confine myself to speaking of his pernicious social influence, which has been one of the greatest factors in the decadence of our country. A celebrated doctor, an Academician, a journalist, interested in scientific theories, a lecturer, the author of books dealing with pathological and sexual questions—subjects that command a paying public, President of many Corporations—in what section of society has not this clever missionary of the Republic penetrated ?

Acting in his professional character which opened all doors to him, he was able to play, simultaneously, the parts of Revolutionary and man of the world ; he suborned the young and was a favoured guest at the tables of the aristocracy, a doctor and a lay confessor ; in short, he was a consummate actor. Fate gave him many gifts, but, apart from his indisputable intellectual merit, he would never have arrived so quickly to such heights had he not been the son-in-law of the omnipotent Moya, which gave him the perpetual support of the “ advanced ” Press and that of the partisans of the Revolution. There is something magical, almost miraculous, in the sudden rise of the ambitious doctor to the pinnacles of fame, accompanied

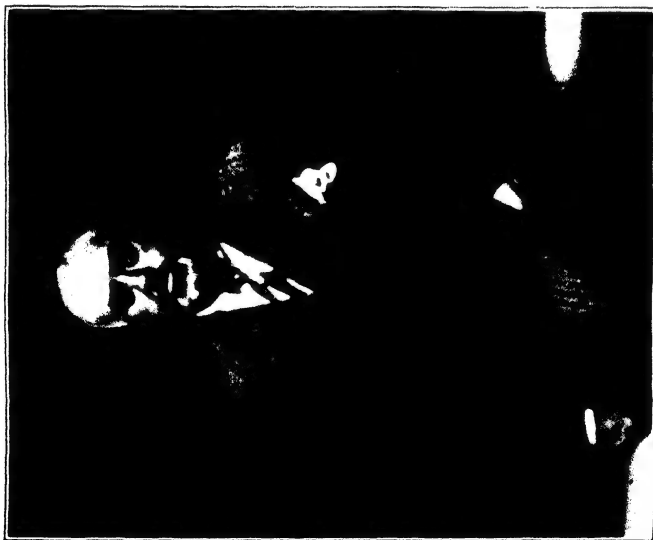
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by the big drum of journalism. It was not possible to organize a discussion on politics, art, fashion or sport, without asking for the opinion of Marañón. The Spanish Press had never been so much interested in the ideals or the intimacies of Ramon y Cajal, Menéndez Pelayo, or Galdós. It must be noted that this publicity was not given to celebrate Marañón's scientific work, but was directed towards other more subtle ends. The Revolution had realized the importance of attracting to its ranks a man whose personality had so much vogue, one to whom success and public applause had possibly conveyed the chimerical idea of being the future Masaryk of Spain. And it is easy to perceive that the busy doctor had dipped into many sources of information since the Dictator had imprisoned him and had dedicated himself to the task of disseminating the seed of the Revolution and of working against the Dictator and the King.

I am not censuring the "advanced" ideas of Marañón because I have the greatest respect for opinions and beliefs that differ from mine when their profession is loyal and disinterested. But what is inadmissible in any self-respecting man is a clever "opportunism" which allows him to live at the cost of an enemy whom he desires to exterminate. It is the profitable exploiting of a regime or a society for a man's own advantage that is unpardonable. As long as the Monarchy lasted, Marañón frequented the great houses not only as a doctor but as a "friend", discreetly dissimulating his desire to annihilate his hosts. His Republican scruples did not prevent him from accompanying King Alfonso on his civilizing excursion to Las Hurdes,



DR. GREGORIO MARAÑÓN



DON SANTIAGO ALBA

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from forming part of the staff under Royal patronage, from visiting the Palace on various occasions or even from lunching at a pigeon shoot when invited by the King ! A good example of Revolutionary austerity and of noble disinterestedness when faced with tempting vanities ! In the same way this indefatigable agitator amongst the students, this indispensable writer of prologues before all the subversive works published against the regime, this signatory to any homage addressed to the “ Left ”, was wont, when he found himself in another social atmosphere, to give the strangest reasons for his ambiguity. Marañon has taken in many well-meaning people. I have myself heard him say in private things absolutely opposed to those he said in public, and I have, unfortunately, no doubt as to his lack of sincerity. One can easily imagine the influence that this disguised enemy of the Monarchy had on his confidential clients, Sanchez Guerra and Romanones, judging by the part he took in the fatal discourse in the Zarzuela theatre, in the Revolutionary “ Ultimatum ” and in the events which took place in his own house on the fourteenth of April.

Lastly, when the redeeming Republic arrived, the wise opportunist took off the mask, showing himself off as the fierce adversary of the humiliated aristocracy which had lavished its favours on him and on his family. It was not now enough, apparently, to disparage the fallen Monarchy, or to sing vibrant hymns to the Revolutionary Government . . . which had offered him an Embassy. Who knows if like Macbeth when the witches announced, “ Thou shalt be King,”

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a feminine voice may not have sounded in his ears, saying, " You may be President ! ", and that from that moment the Revolutionary zeal of Marañon crying out in emphatic journalistic prose for the total suppression of the Monarchists and the degrading " Señoritismo " was heard. And as if that were not enough, he asked for the confiscation of the goods and the properties of the " Aristocratic emigrants of Biarritz ", amongst whom were many of his old clientele.

One can judge the nature of the man who, forgetful of friendship and of every sentiment of delicacy, should have trampled the conquered under foot with the triumphant joy of the newly important. I felt that the indictment noted above touched me because I was in Biarritz at the time with my family, accompanying my mother whose very delicate health had suffered from the shock of those terrible days causing her sudden death a few weeks afterwards. Marañon had already irritated me by his accusatory articles in the Spanish and French Press at a moment when the Republic had gagged the Monarchical papers ; and when the former collaborator of the " retrograde " *A B C* wrote that the Spanish Monarchy had been a cyst attached to the nation I wrote him a letter in which I said, among other bitter truths, that he, Marañon, had been an internal tumour in Spanish society.

This letter, which was passed from one to another, borrowed and copied many times, achieved a success which I had not anticipated, but which proved that public opinion on the Marañon case was in absolute agreement.

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Marañon is not the only doctor with Revolutionary views who exploited the old regime before aiding it to make a good end. Some of these were elevated to a position in the Palace, others took advantage of Royal influence to get appointments in hospitals and clinics, their principles not preventing them from acting as the leeches of the Monarchy. Courtiers in the Palace, apparent friends in drawing-rooms, they became Revolutionaries in the Faculty of Medicine, on the lecture platform and as authors. The future Lenôtre who may analyse this interesting aspect of the Revolutionary propaganda carried on in Spain by a group of doctors, might perhaps dedicate a volume to the type of literature which they cultivated. Physiology, eugenics, sexual and bi-sexual themes, erotic curiosities, all these formed part of the intellectual fare which these worldly doctors supplied to attract the vast public which enjoys suggestive literature. Some of them wrote historical works, adopting the attractive formula which was made the fashion by the Marqués de Villaurrutia, who introduced a literary cocktail in his book composed of the works of Padre Mariana and Felipe Trigo.

We need not dwell any longer on these sad examples of scientific pantheism, but it must be noted that the emphatic Manifesto of the redeeming trio let loose all sorts of influences on the social world attached to the Revolution. Cultural centres composed of ladies of advanced ideas, satellites of the "Revista de Occidente", embittered pedants and others received adherents from all parts of Spain, according to the organizers. Which is really very

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likely, as stupidity ~~is~~ not confined to one part of the country.

We must now leave the subjects of the Revolutionary Vanguards and political parties, in order to follow the main course of the Revolution.

THE CRISIS

ON the seventeenth of February, 1931, a document of vast importance concerning the future of the nation was published in the Press. This was the Decree of the Convocation of the Cortes which Berenguér submitted to the King and which was signed by His Majesty after so many postponements and arguments.

The victory appeared to be won, and it was hoped that the tempest being moderated the damaged ship of State might yet arrive safely in harbour. A murmur of disapproval and of surprise was then heard in the ranks of the Revolutionaries. They had insisted so strongly that the Cortes would never meet as long as the King and his Government could oppose it that the publication of the famous Decree upset the plans of the "Constitutionalists" and the Revolutionaries. On the other hand, the Monarchists were delighted. The Ministry of the Interior was thronged with people, going and coming ; candidates desirous of becoming deputies or Senators mingling with civil Governors and well-paid popular officials. Once again the Puerta del Sol became the vital political centre of Spain. The old political parties of the dynasty, if not altogether renewed, were yet patched up and announced meetings after their long period of lethargy.

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The Conde de Romanones himself, in his resuscitated *Circulo Liberal*, summed up the impression of the moment when he said :

“ Everything arrives in this world, even the day in which the Decree of the Convocation of Cortes is published in the *Gazette*. No one believed it possible, it was looked on as a joke, but here it is in the *Gazette*. *We must hasten to join in the strife because it is our duty.*”

Whilst these optimistic declarations were being published, calculations were made as to the fortune of the coming campaign. The Cortes was to assemble on the twenty-fifth of March ; another Royal Decree was promulgated which gave greater liberty to the opposition, a liberty which had already been taken owing to the weak Government then in office ; this was the re-establishment of Constitutional Guarantees. The Minister of the Interior, Matos, when he received the journalists, made this comment :—

“ Gentlemen, we are now in the reign of complete liberty. The Press can enjoy it and we have also restored the Guarantee of Propaganda.”

Which, being interpreted, meant that a period of the wildest clamour and abusiveness was inaugurated in the Revolutionary Press, now that the gag had been removed. What things were heard and said ! A superstitious observer might have prophesied that the Government would not arrive at the goal of their modest ambition, the reunion of the Cortes, because President Berenguér was, for a short time, unable to walk and confined, by doctor's orders, to a complete rest. Who knows that this was not a symbolic warning from Fate ? However that may be, on account of this

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illness, all the Councils of Ministers and all important conferences were held at the Home Office where the General was then living. The King himself would come to the Ministry in the mornings to confer with the invalid Minister.

Very soon dark clouds began to obscure the sun of our hopes. The Vanguards of the Revolution, with the Constitutionals and the "Monarchists without a King" at their head, began their strategic retreat from the electoral field. The Republicans, the Radicals, the Socialist party in a mass, supported by the U.G.T., the Catalan Separatists under the anti-Spanish Maciá and all the Revolutionaries who had signed the mysterious Pact of San Sebastián, announced their firm resolve to keep away from the elections. It was necessary, at all costs, to avoid the election of a Monarchist Cortes. As the pretext so often used of the supposed hostility of the King to the opening of a new Parliament had now fallen to the ground, the partisans of the Revolution, once the first moment of stupor had passed, began to protest saying that they were to be cheated out of their desired Constituent Cortes. Don Alejandro Lerroux, the hope of the future Republic of the "Right", now published in Paris a "Message from the Spanish Republicans to the French People". In it he declared solemnly that only a new Constitution, made by the people would "stave off the Revolution which was boiling, threatening and irresistible, in the entrails of the Spanish nation".

This pathetic message, of which the French people appeared to be quite unaware, was greeted with

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enthusiasm in Spain by the Revolutionary Press, which renewed its depreciatory campaign against the " Monarchical " Cortes and the supposed " hoax " of the suffrage.

What was to be done in the face of the Revolutionary manœuvre of ignoring the elections ? The Government could do nothing except follow in a straight line the course begun. There was no other solution, politically speaking, open to the Monarchy than that of playing the electoral card since it had been laid down. Anything rather than take it up again, before the Nation, with a gesture of vacillation and timidity, as was actually done. But, unluckily, want of faith and want of confidence had begun to spread like an epidemic amongst the Monarchical Parliamentary parties. When victory could still have been gained by means of the postponed remedy, defeatism and a spirit of intrigue were working for the enemy before the battle was begun. Although the Marqués de Alhucemas and the Conde de Romanones had declared the urgency of electing an ordinary Cortes, they did not altogether reject the possibility of electing the Constituent Cortes should the first not prove a success. Another point to consider was that of the possible refusal of Cambó and his Lliga to take part in the elections ; the mere possibility of this event made Cambó, so to speak, the arbiter of the situation, the axis on which would turn the fate of the coming elections for the Monarchical Cortes. Not only this question but the dissensions concerning the successors to the Berenguér Government divided opinions and fomented discussions. The General had

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declared his intention of giving in his resignation once the Cortes had assembled and the Constitutional Guarantees had been re-established. Who in that case would have a sufficiently strong majority to form a Government? Would it be possible, in such a case, to unfold the Governmental programme before the empty benches of the Opposition and in the absence of adversaries whose part it was to criticize? The reply to the last question offered no difficulty because the absence of the Opposition was voluntary and was not due to exclusion from the Government, but to the desire of the Republicans to discredit the Cortes in the public eye by isolating them.

Things were in this state, the Revolutionary party feeling depressed by the announcement of the Decree but rejoicing in their opposition, when a bomb fell suddenly from Paris which caused confusion and alarm in the Monarchical camp. This was the long "Note" addressed by Don Santiago Alba to the Spanish Press explaining with more prolixity than clarity his unexpected change of attitude. The exiled ex-Minister announced his adhesion to the dogma of the Constitutionalists and the Revolutionaries; that is to say, he voted for the Constituent Cortes after having written so many articles in which he declared that they were not only useless but dangerous to the tranquillity of the State and against the solution of its most urgent social and economic problems. Señor Alba, the possible reserve of the Monarchy only a few months back, appeared to be anticipating events and to be following the Revolutionary current instead of opposing it as he had done before with apparent gallantry

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in his speeches or in the articles which he contributed to *La Nación* of Buenos Aires. The democratic politician, frightened by the coalition of the anti-Monarchical parties, offered up this last bull to the spectators, seeking popular applause at the eleventh hour. From that moment he ranged himself with the enemies of King Alfonso, who were opposed to the ordinary Cortes and demanded, as a preliminary measure, the revision of the Constitution and "the temporary suspension of the prerogatives of the King".

How can one explain this deferred pirouette unless it is attributed to opportunism? When the Dictator fell, the exile of Paris who was looked on as the victim of the Dictatorship, might have been the idol of the Revolutionary Left, a possible Candidate for the office of President of the Council of the future Republic, but he seemed to have forgotten personal wrongs and to have placed the sacred interests of the Country before the tempting apotheosis of the masses. Turning his back on the sirens of the Revolution he upheld a banner within the constituted regime, pleading for great social and political reforms without disturbing the actual order and without appealing to the unconsidered violence of the mob. His voice resounded with authority over the confused disorder that reigned in Spain, the authority which reflection exercises over passion and impulse, to which was added an experience enriched by the study of European problems and by his acquaintance with eminent politicians during his exile in France.

Relying on these hopeful appearances, I had praised the attitude of Don Santiago Alba in my campaign,

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" Pro Monarchía ", in *A B C*, which attitude I declared to be not only patriotic but of great value for the Monarchical cause. The ex-Liberal Minister, whom I scarcely knew, wrote to me from Paris thanking me effusively for my appreciation and praising my disinterested social and political work in that paper. Afterwards, when I had sent him a book of mine, some pleasant letters passed between us and I heard no more of him until the end of the summer of 1930, when, having crossed the frontier for a few hours, he was invited to lunch by Juan Ignacio Luca de Tena in San Sebastián.

This lunch, to which I was also invited in company with Sanchez Mazas and the well-known journalist Don Alejandro Monpeón, took place on the terrace of the Club Nautico, overlooking the admirable bay of the Concha, a few days after that offered to His Majesty the King by Juan Ignacio, to which I was also invited. As will be easily understood, the unexpected appearance of the exiled politician excited the curiosity of the people who were passing the summer in San Sebastián and it also inspired the local Press with many comments. Neither is it strange that Alba, after his long absence, should have entertained us with his easy eloquence and his store of anecdotes, enriched by his recent personal experiences. In his own way he related to us his famous interview with the King in the Hotel Meurice, delicately omitting the flattering salutation of the Monarch: " How young you are looking, Santiago ! " Everything that he said, seasoned with the salt of his wit, which made our talk over dessert so delightful, pointed to his fear of a possible

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change in the regime. Our impression was that we were in the presence of a future leader of the Monarchical Parliamentary Left—that is to say, in that of a successor to Canalejas. The same induction might be inferred from his renewed friendship with the Crown and from the favourable reception accorded him by certain residents in Paris as well as from a banquet offered him by important French politicians who appeared to be saluting the rising sun.

And now, at last, the veil of the mystery was torn asunder. The prolonged stay in France, the perpetually postponed return to active politics, the thousand reports to which his long absence gave rise, were at last explained. Señor Alba was afraid of the public peace being disturbed. He preferred his personal safety and his pleasant life in Paris to the flattering prospects of power. His spirit flagged before the spectre of the Revolution and the encounter with enemy forces. Enumerating them, he confessed his unwillingness to present himself in the Cortes, and declared his firm resolve to stay away from the elections convoked by General Berenguér.

It was a heavy blow, so heavy that it is probable that no other had been felt so severely by the Monarchy since the discourse of Sanchez Guerra in the theatre of the Zarazuela. Another refugee from the Monarchical camp passing over to the Revolutionary ranks ! Astonishment and discouragement seized the partisans of the Convocation to the ordinary Cortes. A shout of joy rose amongst the Republicans as their side marked up this score. It was impossible to hide the magnitude of the triumph ; it implied the shipwreck

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of the belated Decree, already published in the *Gazette*, and the probable humiliating retreat of the Government without having given battle. And truly, General Berenguér, who had been a good deal discredited by the late events, received his mortal wound by this act, and Liberal politicians who had declared it their duty to rush to the elections, acted as "puntilleros"¹ anxious to give the deathblow.

A crisis was in the air, as the saying goes. There were two or three days of intense excitement, of interviews, notes in the Press, rumours of all sorts. In the end, General Berenguér, abandoned by all, presented the question of want of confidence to the King with the resignation of the Government. And so, after a year of struggles and vacillation, the bridge was broken which should have led from the Dictatorship to Constitutional liberty within the Monarchy.

It was something graver than a change of Government that was taking place, even considering the suspension of the Convocation of the Cortes and other public acts already announced ; it was the crisis of the regime, because it opened the doors of the Palace to the Constitutionalists, the Vanguard of the Revolution.

The Crown, once more alone, initiated, but with the fatal delay of several months, the coalition which, in my judgment, would have saved the Monarchy had it been made at the fall of the Dictatorship, and had the King consulted with the political Monarchical chiefs of all parties instead of calling on Berenguér. Perhaps

¹ "Puntillero" : the man who with a short knife finishes the bull's agony when he lies on the ground.

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at that date a great coalition Ministry might have been formed under the presidency of Sanchez Guerra, who was then still capable of softening the Revolutionary turbulence by his influence. But when, once more he entered the Palace at the request of the King, the man of the acrid speech of the Zarazuela, who had yet repressed the revolutionary strike of 1917, was, by an ironic stroke of fate, the standard-bearer of the Revolution.

King Alfonso met this grave crisis with courage ; he was ready to make every concession, including that of his self-respect. Once more the ghosts of the old order surged over the Plaza de Oriente, entering the Palace by the Puerta del Principe and penetrating to the Royal Council Chamber. And as in years gone by photographers, journalists and a crowd of curious people stood outside the Palace doors in order to see great personalities of political life and to hear their sensational remarks. A useless task, because the inevitable dialogue between a politician and a journalist contains the same empty nothings which only help to hide the real issue. On this occasion, however, public curiosity was amply justified, since the very existence of the Monarchy appeared to hang on the result of the crisis. Among others the Duque de Maura could be seen threading his way between groups of journalists and enquirers ; he had never been in the Cabinet, but he held the position of being the head of a party. Here also could be seen the Marqués de Alhucemas, the Conde de Romanones, Sanchez Guerra, the popular hero of this Constitutional interim, Bugallal, the veteran Sanchez Toca, Melquiades Alvarez,

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thinking that his hour was come, which was to escape him once more, and the old veteran Don Miguel Villanueva, very much flattered at that time by the Revolutionary elements. The result of the interviews with the King were easy to predict, given the individuality of each politician. Those who were loyal to the Crown counselled the admission of the "Left", including some enemies of the King who were not irreconcilable. The "Constitutionalists", on the other hand, advised the immediate Convocation of the Constituent Cortes having "a sovereign power over that of the King" to quote a phrase of Don Melquiades Alvarez. Which meant that the King, condemned to abstain from all supervision, would be resigned to enter, with bowed head, the anteroom of the Republic.

It was necessary to ascertain the opinion of Cambó, who when announcing his approaching arrival in Madrid, in a Note that he addressed to the Press from Barcelona, made some remarks on the tangled political situation that had arisen after the crisis. As usual, this article contained very just criticism and at the same time, grave errors in the general perspective. He was right when he said that "It is not only since yesterday but for some months past that Spain has given the impression to her own people, and even more to strangers, that she is in a pre-revolutionary condition"; and again: "The Cabinet of General Berenguér, composed of good men, some of whom are gifted with supreme intelligence, has, for some time past, impressed one with the conviction that it is not foreseeing and directing events but is simply the plaything of them." But he was very much mistaken when

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he said, after speaking of a similar condition in the Russia of 1917, that our aristocracy and middle classes were dancing and drinking in Night Clubs, unconscious of danger. Social life was anything but gay that winter in Madrid, when the aristocracy, always—with a few honourable exceptions—stingy and inhospitable, added to their usual aloofness a fear of the future. Cambó appeared better informed when suggesting political and economic remedies to stem the devastating wave that was threatening, but rather less so when regarding the Revolutionary unrest in Spain as a passing symptom that would be banished by a good Government with democratic sympathies. What a curious mentality is his ! A man of a calculating and mathematical mind, an acute intelligence and vast culture, his cold and severe aspect hides a passionate temperament. Perhaps his only love is for Catalonia. For the rest Cambó, who is Semitic of profile and probably of race, is the spiritual relation of the international Jewish financial magnates—the Stinneses, the Walter Rathenaus, the Otto Kahns, for whom money has no frontiers when great business is on hand.

As a politician Cambó commits the grave error of disdaining human nature. People do not interest him. An indefatigable traveller, if he speaks of modern countries he recalls only the economic condition and the possibilities of production. If he speaks of ancient civilizations through which he had wandered he seemed to have observed only the monuments, museums, architecture and works of art, as if there had been no inhabitants in those regions. This ignorance

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of human nature and of society has led Cambó, in spite of his talent, into mistakes in judgment.

It is only right to note that during these troubled times the saving possibility of a concentrated Monarchical Government was first envisaged. The idea came from Don Juan de la Cierva, who had only just recovered from a long period of convalescence after a terrible motor accident. He felt the necessity of opposing a dyke to stem the Revolutionary tide. But the flood had reached the danger level and the chief men of the Government were nearly all in favour of admitting the extreme Left. Meanwhile, general expectation and inspired rumours were at fever height. The Revolutionaries saw the scales dip to their side and their Press celebrated the confusion of the Monarchists with disdain and irony. The Revolutionary Committee, housed in the Carcel Modelo, conspired there and directed their campaign against the regime, through a never-ending flow of visitors, allowed by the laxity of the Government. And from the Palace the telephone communicated incessantly with London, giving the Queen of Spain an account of the grave turn that affairs had taken, with Cartagena, recalling Admiral Aznar to Madrid and with Paris, offering Don Santiago Alba the task of forming a Government. Alba accepted the charge in a moment of enthusiasm, but half an hour afterwards, repenting his audacity, he telephoned to the King from the Embassy, renouncing, in vague terms, the great position which he had desired for so long, but which at the time he feared because of the risk he would have to run. And then arose the possible solution of the political situation

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with a Sanchez-Guerra-Melquiades Alvarez Government ; a possibility which caused great anxiety to our Ambassador in Paris, Quiñones de León, who saw his diplomatic post in peril, as he had shown himself more than cold towards the rebel of the Dictatorship during his exile in Paris.

In this grave crisis King Alfonso, faced with danger, gave evidence of his accustomed serenity. Even the foreign Press praised his clever political tactics although the greater part of the Spanish Press, being Revolutionary, was silent. When the King sent for Sanchez Guerra and offered him the Premiership, it gave the lie to the legend of his supposed intransigent absolutism and at the same time beat the Constitutionals on their own ground and showed the people that they were already the prisoners of the advanced Revolutionaries. And so it was. The interview between the Monarch and the veteran ex-Conservative politician, who was now a "Monarchist without a King", although he was quite willing to accept office from him, took place in the Palacio de Oriente and lasted about two hours. A hard trial for the Sovereign that of receiving and of honouring the man who had publicly insulted him ! Perhaps it was equally difficult for the ex-President in whose eyes tears of emotion were seen during the audience. They may have been partly due to remorse.

When Sanchez Guerra, intoxicated with his triumph, left the Palace, the expectant crowd, the photographers and his ephemeral popularity, all combined to make him think himself the arbiter of Spain. These illusions vanished in the space of eight-and-forty hours. The

brief splendour of hopes fulfilled too late was only the precursor of forgetfulness and ingratitude shown him by his friends the Revolutionaries. Meanwhile, we have it from his own lips that the interview had been very "affectionate". The King had not made any difficulty of admitting into the "Constitutionalist" Government his own personal enemies. The general plan of the Government had been accepted, including the derogation of all the decree-laws of the Dictatorship, together with those of the Municipal and Provincial Statute, the penal Code and whatever Governmental orders had been promulgated since 1923. The Monarch had to suspend voluntarily some of his royal prerogatives during the period covered by the Constituent Assembly and to respect its judgment. Another novelty consisted in the new Government not taking the oath in the Royal Council Chamber, but "promising" to defend the judgment of the Constituent Assembly and *to offer loyalty to the King until the judgment should be pronounced*. And as if to prepare the Sovereign for what was coming, the names submitted to him as Ministers in the new Government were :— Melquiades Alvarez, Vice-President, with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, Burgos Marzo, Villanueva, Bergamín, etc. In short, a Ministry composed of disloyal men disposed to give up the Monarchy.

But the absurd epilogue to this interval of incoherence was the visit of Sanchez Guerra to the prison to offer places in his Ministry to the Revolutionary prisoners. He then began an interminable Odyssey, going from door to door, sometimes trying to attract useful collaborators, sometimes inspired by sentiment,

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yielding to the emotion which mastered him at the time. He went to see Berenguér, Cambó and almost all the great ones who had offered him support. He ran to Matos's house to give him an "embrace", before carrying out his varied programme. He visited Dr. Marañón and offered him a portfolio, presumably as a reward for his recent Manifesto against "The Monarchy of Saguntum". As if that were not enough, he made the same offer to the "philosopher" Ortega y Gasset, an offer which he, as well as the busy Doctor, refused, supposing that the Republic reserved a greater fate for them.

About this time he wished to show his gratitude towards my mother, for whose opinion he had a great respect, and whose advice he often sought, by paying her a visit. He interrupted his semi-official visits in order to enjoy a long talk with her, in which he recounted his visit to the King, his political projects and his firm desire to save the regime. He omitted to tell her anything about his mad project of visiting the prison. As he left our house and crossed the garden that lies between it and the Castellana, he found cars parked outside the gates and a large number of journalists and idlers assembled. The journalists asked him jokingly :

"What? Have you come here to offer a portfolio?"

"No," he replied, "although the mistress of this house is well qualified by her gifts and her mental capacity to fill such a post with intelligence. But I only came to see her. I am now going to take an important step."

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The crowd followed him, as was only natural, and they were very soon aware of the "important step" which he was to take. Don José Sanchez Guerra was going in person to the Cárcel Modelo to ask to see the political prisoners Alcalá-Zamora, Largo Caballero and De los Ríos. The incredible motive of his visit was to invite them to govern the Country with him, to "promise" to fulfil their duties in the Royal Council Chamber, and to renounce their crowns as Revolutionary martyrs. What an ingenuous illusion! One can imagine the hardly dissimulated irony with which covered by expressions of personal affection, the offer was refused. The Socialist-Republican group was already sure of success, and now that the head of the Monarchical Government had come to them, it seemed like opening the fortress to the enemy.

From this moment the career of Sanchez Guerra was finished. The Revolutionaries did not admit him as a leader or even as a messenger of peace. They knew now that they would arrive at power by their own efforts and by the treachery of so many Monarchists. This ill-considered step was greeted by the whole Country with a long murmur of disapproval and stupor. In the foreign Press this strange visit was commented on as something picturesque, which could have happened nowhere but in Spain.

The King had arrived at the extreme limit of his concessions, and it was necessary to take a step back in order not to fall into the abyss. Conscious of his failure Sanchez Guerra gave in his resignation and so began the decline of his popularity which ended in oblivion.

There remained one other solution, that proposed

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by Don Juan de la Cierva, who presented his case during those anxious days and conferred with many of the foremost politicians. The Ministry of " ample concentration " was the scheme by which it was proposed to rescue the Crown from the Revolutionary current into which the Constitutionalists had plunged it.

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AT last the horizon appeared to clear. While Sanchez Guerra was pursuing his impossible Odyssey, another Conservative politician, who had no dealings with the Revolutionaries, tried to drag the Monarchy out of the absurd "Constitutionalist" labyrinth. Señor La Cierva placed himself immediately in contact with the chiefs of the Parliamentary Monarchist parties, at the same time visiting the resigning Prime Minister, Berenguér, to enlist his personal support of the important coalition which was being framed.

It was soon evident that the development of the crisis would take place in the Ministry of War. And so it was. The representative leaders of the Constitutional Monarchy were summoned there with urgency and were addressed by La Cierva, who appealed to the patriotism of all present, begging them, as the circumstances were so grave, to offer themselves unconditionally to the Crown, leaving aside all their differences. The great desideratum was a *united front* to oppose the progressive advance of the Revolution. It is only right to say that this noble proposition was met with immediate approval by those present. He did not hide from our veteran politicians that the Monarchy was in a dangerous and distressing state as long as this interim lasted. Each one present, whether or

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no it were under the spontaneous emotion of an historic moment, offered himself unconditionally to serve the Country and the King united in one Cabinet. Pressure had to be brought on the Marqués de Alhucemas, García Prieto, who was determined not to take part again in public life. He desired that one of his late Cabinet should represent him in the new Ministry, but it was pointed out that such a substitution would cancel the representative character that was necessary for the projected Government. The leaders of parties were to form this Cabinet, accepting portfolios of secondary importance in order to prove the disinterestedness of their action. The Marqués de Alhucemas was convinced by this argument and agreed to sacrifice himself for the common good. The obligatory abstention of Señor Cambó was the only one accepted, he having been ill, was obliged to go to bed again after being summoned to the Palace for a Council. The general impression was that his place would be taken by Señor Ventosa, who would take on the difficult post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the double object of stabilizing our infirm peseta and of keeping order in a turbulent political and social environment. But the most important appointment was yet to be made.

Who was to preside over the concentrated Monarchical Government? In the beginning the Presidency had been offered to General Berenguér, but the General, who was suffering from a lame foot which caused him to use a wheeled chair at all the meetings, declined the great honour on the plea of his immobility, being also perhaps influenced by the bitter experiences of the past. It was suggested by those present that as

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the General was not allowed to move by doctor's orders, he should remain in the Ministry of War and continue to fill the same post. We have here an incident which has been observed before in Spanish politics, that of a small detail settling a debated question unexpectedly.

But the disquieting question of nominating a President of the Council remained in the air, because hardly any one of the old leaders wanted to see a rival in the post. Then arose among them the wild idea of nominating as head of the Government a "non-political" candidate. Already they were talking of Admiral Aznar, who had recently arrived in Madrid. In this manner flattering hopes evaporated, banished by the sterility of the common effort represented by the "sacred union" of the Constitutional Monarchical parties.

Notwithstanding this drawback, the reaction was joyously felt in various sections of society. People of all classes signed their names in the Palace album. Thousands of telegrams, declaring adhesion to the Throne, arrived during these days in the Steward's office. Optimism reigned again in many hearts comforted by the idea of a strong Government, composed of laborious men who would maintain public order at all costs, who would respect the law and re-establish our bankrupt National credit.

An incident which caused a burst of Monarchical enthusiasm to break out in the open streets amongst people who had for long appeared to be indifferent, threw light on their real sentiments. The arrival of Queen Victoria from London which took place on the seventeenth of February at the Northern Station,

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Madrid, was made the occasion of a spontaneous and fervent ovation.

A long time before the royal train was due, an immense multitude invaded the vicinity of the station—groups of men, companies of the “Monarchist Youth”, aristocrats, townspeople, workmen and women of the people—they crowded all the approaches to the station so that it was quite difficult for the Infantes, the chief officers of the Palace, the retiring Government and other officials to gain the platform.

When at length the train arrived a deafening clamour arose, a shout of welcome that vibrated in the air. The Queen, visibly affected, could not conceal her emotion ; the tears welled in her eyes causing others to rise in the eyes of those who were present. The difficulty of reaching the cars through the crowd, and the drive to the Palace at foot's pace made the arrival seem like a triumphal march. A delirious mass of people, breaking their ranks like an overflowing wave, surrounded the Queen's car as it surmounted the slope of San Vicente, giving frantic cheers for Spain, the King and Queen and the Infantes. As the King had not been to the station, the imposing multitude remained outside the Palace in the Plaza de Oriente, cheering and applauding with greater enthusiasm than ever, until the King and Queen, touched by this manifestation, came out on the balcony several times in spite of the cold of that night. The Plaza was black with people, handkerchiefs waved, and the joyful acclamations must have sounded in the ears of both Sovereigns as a token of fervent loyalty offered by the people of Madrid.



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE
CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE

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Who could have imagined then that two months afterwards this same Plaza de Oriente would be invaded by Revolutionary hordes intoxicated with hatred and passion, shouting out cries threatening death, with a chorus of insults and songs of the gutter? Incomprehensible caprices of destiny!

The new coalition Monarchical Government, which was arousing such pleasing anticipations, was constituted within forty-eight hours; this hopeful expectation was felt in spite of the fact that even when a National Government had been presided over by Maura and on other similar occasions, coalitions of heterogeneous political elements were usually destined to yield an ineffectual result. This time, for want of another Don Antonio Maura, it was necessary to elect a leader who was an expert, accustomed to political strife, who would rule with firmness and flexibility. But no; the Country was informed that the unlikely President of the Council of this Government of "Aces" was to be the non-political Admiral Aznar. The public is completely ignorant of the mysterious reasons which have inspired this strange nomination. The illustrated papers published the portrait of the old sailor which with his candid face and good-natured smile, rather resembles that of a porter of the Ministry or the beadle of an Institute, than that of a man fitted to confront a Revolution. Events confirmed these impressions in a very short time. The other portfolios were distributed as follows: *Foreign Affairs*, Conde de Romanones, *Justice*, Marqués de Alhucemas; *Army*, General Berenguér; *Navy*, Admiral Rivera; *Finance*, Don Juan Ventosa; *Interior*, Marqués de Hoyos;

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Education, Don José Gaston y Marén ; *Agriculture*, Don Juan de La Cierva ; *Labour*, the Duque de Maura ; *Economy*, Conde de Bugallal.

Generally speaking, the nominations were excellent, but the good effect produced by these was annulled by the absolute madness of giving the portfolio of the Interior to the good Marqués de Hoyos, who was totally without an aptitude for this important office in troubled times. I have the greatest opinion of Pepe Hoyos, from the personal standpoint ; I have known him intimately all my life. But my desire to contribute to historical accuracy, without being influenced by personal sympathies and antipathies, obliges me to say that whoever influenced Hoyos to accept office by appealing to his patriotism, was largely responsible for the downfall of the Monarchy. To nominate Hoyos and Aznar because of their non-political character during a Revolutionary crisis was as if, on the eve of a decisive battle, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Chief of the Staff were nominated because they were peaceful citizens who knew nothing of the science of strategy. I do not know if this "diplomatic" appointment was made, as some say, on the suggestion of the Conde de Romanones, who feared that the post might be given to La Cierva ; the Conde de Romanones is already burdened with the responsibilities concerning the failures of the late Government, to which I have no wish to add. But it is necessary to recognize the fact that the despicable calculations of those who remembered that whoever held the post of Minister of the Interior was also master of the electoral workshop, influenced them in this equivocal subtlety of

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appointing a man without political experience. There is little to be said about the other nominations except those of Señor Ventosa and the Duque de Maura, which inspired justified expectation. Señor Ventosa represented Señor Cambó in the Cabinet, which signified that, apart from his well known competency for dealing with Finance problems and the stabilization of the peseta, the new Government was prepared to deal with the burning question of the autonomy of Cataluña. With respect to Don Gabriel Maura y Gamazo, the learned Academician and historian, the perpetual possible Minister since the time when, as a young man, he was the "dauphin" in his father's day, one can only lament the unlucky hour in which he made his first appearance as Minister. On the one hand, his talents were not calculated to shine in a Labour Ministry which had been undermined during the Dictatorship and the administration of Señor Aunós, through the influence of the powerful U.G.T. and the Casa del Pueblo, with connections through other Governments to the International Office of Labour at Geneva. On the other hand, it was a useless sacrifice on his part to form part of a Government, the sad fate of which was to hand over the Monarchy to the Revolution, on account of some disastrous Municipal elections. As to the rest of the Supermen of the new Government, they were so well known that comment was unnecessary. People were surprised to see some of them figuring in the illustrated journals in a manner that reminded them that, in Spain, politicians, like certain famous singers, are endowed with eternal youth.

But, all things considered, the solution of the crisis

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appeared at that time to be the best one possible, dispersing the threatened tempest which loomed on the horizon. The King received an ovation when he left the Palace after having received the oath of adhesion from the great men of the Ministry. The optimism of the few Monarchical journals contrasted with the hostile silence of the Revolutionary Press, a silence broken only when some bitter comment revealed the disappointment felt. The foreign Press in general acclaimed the formation of the new Government as favourable to the establishment of the Spanish Monarchy, and praised above all the perspicacity and the serenity of King Alfonso, who had faced so many difficulties. *Le Temps*, the official organ of the French Government, urged that Spain's best interests would be served by the maintenance of order and government of the Country from Madrid without a Dictatorship or a Revolution. At the end of the article are these words : " The Monarchical leaders who have accepted power, know that they have in their hands the fate of the Monarchy and the Nation." No comment could have been more exact when dealing with the enormous responsibilities undertaken by the " United Front " ! The *Journal des Debats* advised the politicians of this comprehensive Ministry as follows : " It is necessary that they should know how to oppose an energetic resistance against the Revolutionary manœuvres and tentative ' Pronunciamientos ', showing firmness " . . . etc. This was the hope of the great mass of the people, who little guessed how rapidly this Government would rush downhill towards electoral defeat and an easy Republican victory.

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Other important foreign papers showed themselves, with few exceptions, favourable to the new Ministry. The *Echo de Paris*, praised King Alfonso, recalling his services to France during the European War and his great popularity amongst the French wounded and prisoners. The *Evening Standard* of London, in a eulogistic article entitled "Alfonso XIII, the Man and the Sovereign", expressed the same sentiments. The Fascist Press of Rome, although alienated from Spain since the fall of the Dictatorship, yet congratulated the Monarchy on being protected from the danger of a Revolution.

Hardly ever has a Government come into office under more favourable auguries. We were anticipating the return of authority, order, and social discipline together with the reforms urgently needed to secure economy ; we were looking forward to a period of calm and useful legislative evolution effected without Revolutionary convulsions. Unluckily, this deceptive truce, which in the beginning appeared to have disposed of serious dangers, began at once to attract them. This was due partly to the differences of opinion within the Council of Ministers, partly to the want of a real head of the Cabinet, and also to a spirit of defeatism which was invading those in high places.

When the Council of Ministers met for the first time with the object of indicating the basis of the Governmental programme, it was noticed that many of the resolutions were extremely vague. This was only the prelude to other meetings when personal rivalries broke out in so lamentable a manner, while the Council

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was confronted with problems of transcendent importance for the existence of Spain and the Monarchy. For the moment the Monarchical leaders confined themselves to amending, quite unnecessarily, the admirable resolution of the Berenguér Government not to delay the general elections. The present Ministers made the mistake of postponing the general elections, placing before them the municipal and provincial elections, a decision which appeared to be inspired by the Revolutionary programme. With respect to the future Cortes, they were to be of the Constituent type but with the bi-cameral system : " in order to avoid the abuse of power which may take place in a single Chamber, giving it the character of a Convention." The reforms outlined promised to be far-reaching : " all articles which do not affect the Monarchy are to be revised and renewed, except, as is natural, those which the electoral body, after a sincere election, shall reject." Another of the points on which the different leaders agreed was that of giving satisfaction to the aspirations of Cataluña. Ventosa, representing Cambó, demanded as a minimum, the concessions promised in the extra-Parliamentary document of the year 1919, which bore the signature of Don Antonio Maura. The absurd Constitutionalsists wanted to abrogate all the Decree-laws of the Dictatorship, but common sense inspired the happy resolve to preserve some and reject others, as circumstances dictated.

Meanwhile, days and even weeks passed without the announced resolves to maintain public order passing beyond vague promises. The Government which had, according to custom, changed the appointments

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of Under Secretaries and high officials after the crisis, made the incomprehensible mistake of leaving General Mola in his position in the Direction of General Safety. It was not long before the disastrous consequences of this move were felt ; even more inexplicable is the fact that having an intelligent and expert journalist, Mariano Marfil, the editor-in-chief of the *Epoca*, as Under-Secretary of the Interior, the necessity of bringing to heel, by force of persuasion, the Revolutionary Press, never occurred to the Government. Confiding in the deceptive tranquillity brought about by the temporary suspension of Constitutional Guarantees, this Government, like the last, continued to adopt the fatal system of imposing the Censure and then of removing it without precautions, giving full play to the liberty of the Press. And so it was that during this brief truce between the Monarchical forces and the Revolution, implacable hatreds were gathering which broke out fiercely in the periodical Press when the Revolutionary Committee were tried in Las Salesas and after the sanguinary rising of San Carlos. It is difficult to understand why the authorities permitted the shameful scandal of the Cárcel Modelo. There, the supposed martyrs of the Revolution and the future founders of the second Republic, received an interminable file of visitors and were interviewed and photographed by journalists, just as if the Government itself were preparing their triumph. But we now know something worse. The prisoners communicated freely with the rest of Spain, receiving letters and giving instructions to those who were preparing the fall of the Monarchy. Thanks to the enthusiastic collaboration

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of the postal and telegraph authorities, and to the telephone operators inimical to the regime, the Revolutionary Committee knew to a fraction everything that was said or decided in the Cabinet. In order to confirm my words, it is not necessary to quote from the private letters of certain Ministers, as I might do ; it is enough to remember the acknowledgments for help given at decisive moments to the Revolution and the gratitude expressed publicly and officially to the postal authorities, by the Republican Government.

In this way the hopes of a recreated Monarchy began, little by little, to vanish. He who judged only by appearances could believe the contrary. The Royal Family still were received with ovations when they appeared in public or when busy with works of charity. The audiences in the Palace were very crowded, especially on the days of the military audience, when the people saw an interminable file of Generals and officers pass by and thought that the immense majority of the army was true to the Throne. The albums in the chief Steward's office were filled with signatures written by people in all grades of social life. I remember feeling the same illusion one day during this period when I saw the King leave the Church of the Calatravas, after a religious ceremony. On the appearance of the Sovereign, the immense waiting multitude broke out into a frenzy of applause which only died away as his car, followed by those of his suite, disappeared up the Calle de Alcalá.

Who would have thought that we were looking at the last splendours of the setting sun—the sunset of the Monarchy ?

XII

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IT would be impossible to pass over two examples of Revolutionary tactics which had the effect of weakening the regime and lessening its dignity on the eve of the elections. I refer to the trial of those implicated in the Revolutionary Manifesto of December, who were tried before the Supreme Council of War and Marine in the Palace of Justice of Las Salesas ; and also to the sanguinary rising of San Carlos. In both these affairs the atrophy of the Governmental authorities was manifest.

It is necessary to relate these events, however briefly, because, thanks to them, the Revolutionary Press found a magnificent pretext for giving vent passions which obscured the social atmosphere just before the decisive battle. The fact is that although the great consideration enjoyed by the prisoners in the Cárcel Modelo, who were treated as if they were the guests of the Government, had made one suspect that the final sentence would not be too harsh, it was impossible to predict the unimaginable scenes of the judicial comedy which took place in Las Salesas. The astonished country followed with amazement the course of this curious trial in which the accusers themselves and their Counsel criticized the Monarchy disdainfully and the judge appeared as a respectful supernumerary

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to the undisguised joy of the majority of the spectators and of the Revolutionary Press. Nothing was omitted which could help to create a radiant aura, as of apostles of liberty, round the prisoners whom the Spanish people considered already pardoned and beyond the verdict of the judges. An atmosphere of inflamed popularity, created by the articles and the sensational reports of the anti-Monarchist Press, surrounded their much advertised personalities. It seemed rather a dispute between the Monarchy and the Republic than the trial of the Revolutionary Committee. Popular expectation, as will be readily understood, was aroused long before the famous case came on in the Palace of Justice. Neither is it strange that, given the glaring publicity organized in their behalf, the accused should have appeared before their judges wearing the arrogant air of conquerors, conscious of their own importance. This was evident even before the trial began. When they were to be taken from the Cárcel Modelo to Las Salesas in the cars of the Electro-técnico, the prisoners declined to travel in so modest a manner. The Director of the Prison thought himself obliged to humour them, and asked for the indispensable permission to convey the gentlemen to their destination in private cars. This was conceded without demur. The arrival at the Palace of Justice had all the appearance of a solemn ceremonial, and it was only the prelude to the very great consideration which the Chief Justice, as well as the other authorities, were to show the accused.

A large number of the Police and many pairs of the Civil Guard prevented the enormous multitude, who

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were massed in the vicinity of the building, from approaching too near. Inside the Palace, even greater precautions were taken in order to avoid possible disturbances. But in the Court where the trial was to take place, the Revolutionary "Claque" had arrived at a very early hour as had the families and relations of the accused, their enthusiastic admirers and the Republican Propagandists. When the prisoners and their Counsel arrived, "the public stood up," we are told, "maintaining a profound silence until the accused had found the seats allotted to them." The marked deference of the spectators was only the first manifestation in favour of the accused and it was increased day after day. It is very certain that the extreme benevolence shown the prisoners by General Burguete, the President of the Supreme Tribunal, looked much like complicity with the enemies of the Monarchy.

It would be a wearisome task to report the proceedings of the long trial. With its verbal duels and other vagaries it would fill several chapters of this book. It is enough to record the names of the accused who were : the Señores Don Niceto Alcalá-Zamora, Don Miguel Maura, Don Francisco Largo Caballero, Don Fernando de los Ríos, Don Alvaro de Albornoz and Don Santiago Cásares Quiroga. The Counsel who acted as Attorney General was Don Valeriano Villanueva, and the defence of the prisoners was undertaken by Don Angel Ossorio, the "Monarchist without a King", now almost "con garro frigio", the Conservative ex-Minister Señor Bergamín, who had been attacked by the "Constitutionalist" virus, and those

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future stars of the Republic, Señorita Victoria Kent, Señor Sanchez Román and Señor Asúa, the notorious Professor and political agitator among the students.

The accusation brought against the accused was that of having signed the Revolutionary Manifesto in December, and most of them were concerned in the rising of Jaca, organized by civilians and military men with the object of imposing the Republic on Spain. Some of them were also implicated in the frustrated rebellion of Cuatro Vientos, the leaders of which had escaped abroad. After the interminable depositions of the accused and the witnesses, the Attorney General in his interesting address, resumed the history of the events which had agitated the Country during the past months. He described the offence as one of "conspiring for a military rebellion, defined and penalized in article 241, in relation with those of 237 and 38 of the Code of Military Justice, of which the following are responsible—Don Niceto Alcalá-Zamora as initiator and head of the conspiracy, and, as mere followers, Don Fernando de los Ríos, Don Santiago Cásares Quiroga, Don Miguel Maura Gamazo, Don Alvaro de Albornoz and Don Francisco Largo Caballero." At the end of his long exposition of the compromising deeds and of complicities more or less confessed, the Attorney General asked for a sentence of "fifteen years of prison with complete disqualification during the period of condemnation" for Señor Alcalá-Zamora and for the other five "eight years of prison with the addition also of complete disqualification", etc.

Never has a sentence been received in such an atmosphere of ironical scepticism. The arrogant attitude of

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the accused, the sympathy of the public and of nearly all the Press, the organized publicity which surrounded the Counsel for the defence, everything in short, contributed to make this much advertised case a political comedy which ended in an apotheosis. Ever since the second day of the process the accused had converted themselves into accusers through the eloquence of their advocates. Expectant curiosity was shown in the increased number of ladies who adorned the crowded Court. The conviction grew that tremendous and audacious things were going to be said against the Monarchy and the Government. And, truly, when Señor Ossorio opened fire in his speech, he did not limit himself to the defence of his clients, the Señores Alcalá-Zamora and Maura. What he did was to make a speech which was almost a political oration and included the "apologia" of the Revolutionaries and the trial of the Monarchy and the Dictatorship of "a Spain without law and without Constitution" which these austere Republicans proposed to rebuild, saving her from a debased regime. In this manner the triumphal march of the trial was inaugurated, amid murmurs of approbation and manifestations of enthusiasm which were hardly restrained by the Presidential bell. The other barristers for the defence vied with Señor Ossorio in very obvious enthusiasm for the Revolutionary conspiracy whose protagonists and advocates figured on the front pages of the Press adverse to the regime.

Such was the ostentation shown day after day, such the destructive tone of the speeches, the dialogues, the jokes and interruptions, that the veteran journalist

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Don Roberto Castrovido, a writer above suspicion, alluded to the scene as " the great Republican meeting at the Salesas". And the sad part of the case is not only that his comment was exact but that General Burguete, the man who presided over this, connived at " Meeting " in his capacity of President of the Supreme Council of War and Marine, shocked public opinion by his indecorous attitude and by his noticeable condescension towards these rebels.

The result of the popular Judicial comedy was easily foreseen. The mildness of the Tribunal and the apparent indifference of the Government, already disorganized by the labyrinth of the coming Municipal elections, forbade anyone to believe that a severe sentence was possible. Besides, the Aznar Cabinet, following the policy of the last Ministry, had showed itself disposed to exercise the greatest tolerance with regard to the recent disturbances of law and order, which had broken out latterly with the object of giving an impetus to the slackened Revolutionary ardour. As if that were not enough, the Government decided to re-establish Constitutional Guarantees, thinking in this manner to " pacify the spirits " and to bring about the sweet harmony of the law. So that when the Supreme Tribunal of War and Marine described the crime of the prisoner as that of " exciting military rebellion " with extenuating circumstances, adjudging the penalty in its lowest grade and reserving to the Government " the right to grant the favour of a conditional condemnation ", the Revolution could mark another sweeping advance. The aggressive and impertinent tone of its Press seemed to demand the

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pardon not as a concession but as a right imposed by the will of the people. It surprised no one, therefore, that the prisoners were immediately liberated. Señor Alcalá-Zamora and his companion martyrs, saturated with journalistic incense, exalted and photographed in various attitudes, left Las Salesas in triumph. Applause, embraces, even affectionate kisses on the cheeks of some ex-prisoner from a fervent admirer, gave evidence to the popular emotion which greeted the epilogue.

But the supreme surprise was when General Burguete, after announcing the news to the journalists, told them that " he and two others had given particular votes in favour of the pardon ". Such an indiscretion on the part of a President of the Tribunal, who was bound to silence more than any other, created a scandal. No doubt the indiscreet General wished to ingratiate himself with the Revolutionists in case the Republic should come. It was, however, impossible for the Government to stretch complaisance further, and a Decree was published immediately in the *Gazette* depriving General Burguete of his high command. Soon afterwards he was succeeded by General Marqués de Cavalcanti, a hero of Africa, who till then had been Captain-General of Andalucia.

The remarks made by the Minister of State, the Conde de Romanones to the journalists are also worth recording. The sentence appeared very good to the Count " as all Spanish judgments are in my opinion ! " Later, he added :

" I think it well to mention the *total inadvertence of the Government to all that relates to the trial*, so much so that

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the sentence was known to the journalists before the Ministers."

Reading such a statement one wonders if the Count were not suffering from a loss of memory. It was known afterwards from official information, that Romanones communicated by telephone with General Burguete several times during the trial and is credited with having used his personal influence in favour of the accused, as if he were interpreting the will of the Government, although some Ministers were ignorant of his action. Unluckily, this ill-inspired diplomacy, these underhand manœuvres, had a fatal attraction for the Count, who went from one slip to another until, on the fourteenth of April, he abandoned the King in Marañón's study. God forbid that I should credit the common story believed by so many Royalists of the "betrayal" of the Monarchy by Romanones. The truth is the restless Count allowed himself to be misled by his excessive liberalism. Spanish liberalism has usually one foot in the royal chamber and the other in the Revolutionary camp. He tried to maintain the balance between the Monarchical and Republican regimes, although in his political manœuvres he was more in his element with the latter than with the Monarchical dynasty. It is very probable, therefore, that Romanones sought to avoid a difficulty for the King and at the same time to save his "intimate friend" the ex-Romanonist deputy and ex-Liberal Minister Don Niceto Alcalá-Zamora, holding out also an olive branch to the accomplices in order to attract their sympathy. Romanones relied too much on his gift for intrigue, on his mental alertness, on that easy wit

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that made even his adversaries laugh, and he did not realize the truth of the well-known idiom : " *Pasarse de listo !* " ¹ A proof of this fact can be found in his sincere surprise at his unexpected defeat in his own Guadalajara during the Municipal elections which a cheerful and confident Government had convoked.

Meanwhile, without listening to the murmur of disapproval which broke out all through Monarchical Spain, or stopping to consider the Revolutionary rejoicing over the triumphal pardon, the Aznar Government hastened to restore " Constitutional Guarantees " before re-establishing the broken public order. The continual risings of the students in these days, their chorus of disloyalty at meetings against the regime, and in articles in the Press, were all helping to organize a violent attack which was destined to make still more ineffective the means at the disposal of the Monarchists.

The scene chosen was the Faculty of Medicine, which for some time past had been a hot-bed of destructive passions, incited rather than restrained, by those who should have been occupied in educating good doctors, not in moulding rebellious and undisciplined citizens.

The atmosphere was already heated, thanks to the incessant activity of the Professors and pupils in sympathy with the Revolutionary cause. During the trial at Las Salesas, they had taken advantage of the occasion to stir up street collisions with the police in order to disquiet the public mind. But it became necessary to attempt something more serious because

¹ To be too clever.

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the tolerant Government confined itself to admonishing the students in a tone that was almost paternal. And so it was done, but not before seeking assistance from Revolutionary elements outside the University precincts.

On the morning of Wednesday the twenty-fifth of March, though the Faculty was closed, numerous groups composed of shouting medical students forced their way into the building of San Carlos ; they were accompanied by many individuals of a different social stamp, including some young and excited workmen. The noise that they made collected round the Faculty a crowd of curious people and then there arrived a quantity of agents of public safety, justly apprehensive of a disturbance. In fact, medical students and agitators soon appeared on the roof of the Faculty, where they hoisted the red banner, causing thus a traffic congestion in the neighbouring streets. Next, in order to carry out their lawless project, they threw an incessant rain of stones from the height down on to tramways, cars and passing pedestrians. The ensuing panic and injury speedily brought up a reinforcement of police, who were received with a more intense stoning and cries of " Muera ! " and shouts which increased in fury at the arrival of the Civil Guard. It was then that the first shots were fired from the Faculty, and two or three packets of explosives were thrown down into the street. The police were obliged to defend themselves in their turn, but they were under a great disadvantage, being low down and in the open and not able to violate the sacred University precincts by penetrating into the building. They therefore

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increased their fire against the Faculty. One of the Civil Guard fell mortally wounded, various members of the agents of public safety were wounded, and the bullets of the public force struck some of the students although they were protected by the parapet. At the sound of the firing, which increased every moment, news of the bloody encounter flew through Madrid and an enormous crowd collected in the neighbourhood of San Carlos. The fight, which had begun in the early hours of the morning, continued during mid-day without showing sign of slackening. The only means of stopping it was an energetic act of the Government, ending once and for all these student up-roars ; or, failing that, a sensible act on the part of the *doyen* and Professors of the Faculty, insisting on order and discipline being observed. Let us see what occurred.

A natural alarm had penetrated through the entire building of the Faculty as some bullets had pierced the windows and had fallen into the rooms. The doctors and their assistants had to suspend operations in the middle of their course, throwing themselves on the ground as a precaution. The first wounded students were being brought down from the roof to be attended to, but this, far from calming the general excitement, only increased it. At half-past one in the afternoon, and only then, the *doyen* of the Faculty, Doctor Recaséns, summoned the Professors and the students into the theatre of San Carlos. When they were assembled the veteran Doctor, who was as much a courtier in the Palace as he was a Revolutionary in the lecture halls, made a speech advocating order and

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peace. It was about time ! But there was not a word of blame for the ringleaders. More than that, Recaséns, wishing to keep in touch with the infuriated rebels, asked the students to confide in him " for he would demand full responsibility on the part of the public officials for the events which had taken place ". The logical consequence of this unheard of *Ultimatum* from official authority, was that afterwards some of the medical students spoke in violent tones, insisting on the immediate dismissal of the Director General of Public Safety. The marvel is that they did not also demand that of the Government and the abdication of His Majesty.

But now we come to the most amazing development, one that left the whole city stupefied. A little past two o'clock, the initiators of the skirmish began to feel tired and the firing grew less ; and then the Doyen put himself into communication with the Minister of the Interior, *asking that the Police might be withdrawn in order that the students could leave the vicinity*. This request was acceded to at once with exquisite politeness, by the Marqués de Hoyos, allowing the students and gunmen who had fought, armed, against the agents of authority, to walk tranquilly out into the street, as if carrying out a surrender with the honours of war. Such an inexplicable act made this Government sink even lower in the public opinion, than that of Berenguér.

Such a shameful day was naturally followed by a night of excited passions ; and when the inflammatory Revolutionary papers came out, insisted on the " châtiment " of the authorities, the dismissal from their high command of police officers and an explanation

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from the Government, new disorders broke out in Madrid. The same bands of students and workmen, which were now augmented, provoked serious disturbances in the Puerta del Sol, obliging the police to make several charges in order to scatter them. In the Gran Vía and other streets, new groups arrived, shouting their Revolutionary cries and even going so far, made bold by their immunity, as to attack guards in isolated places. The spirits of the professional agitators rose with a very good reason.

Very seldom has our Revolutionary Press given a greater example of hypocritical pharisaism than when it deliberately misrepresented and exalted the affray at San Carlos. By merely re-reading the articles written at that period one can collect a contemporary anthology of sectarianism and bad faith. The picture painted by these organs was tragic, sombre, destined to let loose the fury of the Spanish people against the Government and the Constitution. On one hand was delineated the brutal, blind, irresponsible repression of the Governmental forces ; on the other, figured the youthful extravagances and comparative innocence of the students. Pistols and guns used when only calmness and persuasion were necessary ! The blood of students and workmen on the conscience of the authorities ! "A hospital full of wounded pierced with bullets !" Something terrible, in short, carried out by a devilish Government which had given so many proofs of its fierce energy. In vain papers like *A B C* and *El Debate* tried to establish the truth, citing authorized versions. The voice of reason was drowned under the vociferations of hatred and of vengeance from the

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Revolutionary chorus. It was even useless for two famous doctors belonging to San Carlos and members of the Faculty, Doctors Suñer and Enriquez de Salamanca, who had seen all, to give an example of civic bravery in opposition to the compromising silence of their colleagues. Both of these doctors deserve the highest praise for having saved professional honour by dissociating themselves from political and tendentious risings, and for having given a rigorously exact account of the affair in the Press. Certainly anyone reading these accounts could judge how the facts had been distorted in order to disparage the regime. But in those turbulent times sense and good faith were submerged by the unbridled democratic Press which spued filth as from the mouth of a drain.

A few days afterwards the same Press had another opportunity of showing its honourable principles. The occasion was a Session in the Academy of Jurisprudence. The flower and cream of militant republicanism had met together that evening intent on arranging another triumph for Señor Alcalá-Zamora. When therefore he entered the Court of Sessions, smiling and satisfied because of his undreamed of popularity, almost all present rose and, as at the voice of command, deafening applause followed accompanied by cries of "Long live the President of the Provisional Government!" and "Long live the Republic!"

The hero of the hour made a gesture of feigned modesty which cleverly helped to increase the enthusiasm. It was then that a group of young Monarchists, hardly recovered from their surprise and indignation, rising up from their seats, cried out "Long live the

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King ! ” The majority of those present received this attempt with shouts of protest and renewed cheers for Alcalá-Zamora and the Republic, as they attacked the audacious young men. Soon there was a free fight in the hall, blows with sticks or fists being exchanged, but the Monarchist boys, few in number, were soon, in spite of their valour, thrown out of the hall as “ provokers of the peace ”.

And so the Revolutionary periodicals called them when relating the episode with unconcealed joy. “ The Academy of Jurisprudence is assaulted by a group of young rioters. ” That is to say we have the old tactics. Those who cry “ Long live the Republic ” under a Monarchical regime, are right and within the law, but to cry “ Long live the King ! ” is a provocation.

Meanwhile, the Government neither realized the importance of these repeated disturbances of public order, nor even thought of taking severe repressive measures to avert the approaching campaigns of the agitators. “ Comprehensive ” tolerance for all disrespect towards the regime ! Absolute Liberty for all who propose to dismember the Monarchy !

Such was the atmosphere heated by hatred, rancour, illusions and ambition in which the disastrous elections of April were being prepared.

XIII

THE FATAL ELECTIONS

"On ne joue pas aux echecs avec un bon cœur."

Chamfort.

THE Government proceeded blindly to convoke the Municipal elections for the twelfth of April. It is necessary to stress this word "blindly" because, even after the electoral disaster, the Aznar Cabinet was congratulating itself on its impartiality and on the "rabid sincerity" of the elections. The stupor and panic shown when the result was made known, revealed the Government's total want of foresight.

The Government's constant inertia in the matter of Revolutionary disturbances had badly damaged its prestige. Its policy of excessive tolerance and its liberal tendencies, far from pacifying the people, appeared to excite and encourage them. Here and there alarming sparks shot up. Frequent street fights with the police were fomented by the professional disturbers of the peace and the agents of the Revolution, intent on spreading alarm amongst the people. At the same time, a violent campaign against the financial projects of the Minister, Señor Ventosa, was started in the Revolutionary Press. The blind passion and the tactics of this attack recall that launched against other politicians of incontestible merit such as



DON NICETO ALCALÁ-ZAMORA



GENERAL DAMASO BERENGUER

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the Conde de Guadalhorce and Don José Calvo Sotelo. Its aim was nothing less than to discredit the political economy of the Catalan Minister which was directed towards financial reform and the stabilization of the peseta. With this object in view a chorus of disapproval broke out in the Revolutionary Press when the Government, yielding to the suggestions of Señor Ventosa, asked the Morgan Bank for a credit of seventy million dollars on advantageous terms in order to establish the National credit. One would have thought that the country had been sold to the enemy ! The austere ex-prisoners of the Cárcel Modelo and future members of the Dictatorial Government of the Republic, lowered their eyes modestly and declared that when they were in power Spain would not acknowledge the ignominious compact.

What were they really trying to do ? Simply to repeat the manœuvre that threw out the Berenguér Government on the eve of a Convocation of the Cortes which might then have saved the regime. It was now necessary to prevent, by whatever means, the renewal of confidence and any improvement in the economic situation, because, even if all Spain profited, the Monarchy would also gain credit. Before such an alarming prospect sectarian and party hatreds were infused with new ardour and were once more put before patriotism.

On the other hand, it is sad to relate that the Monarchists themselves, on the eve of the Municipal elections, displayed once more the lamentable spectacle of their personal rivalries. The spirit of a Rifénian Cabal, so characteristic of our politics, predominated in several

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sectors. Already some journals of the "Right", like *A B C* and *El Debate*, reflected the profound disgust of Monarchist opinion throughout Spain before the apparent impossibility of seeing themselves represented by a strong body of candidates, presenting a well-organized *united* front to the enemy. The miserable device of "barrer para adentro" to which our political parties, with a few exceptions, have been too prone, became again the inspiration of the Monarchists faced, as they were, by so grave a crisis. In vain high-sounding Manifestos were issued and noble intentions of sacrifice for the common good declaimed; when the hour of sacrifice approached, only that of others was considered necessary.

The Government was divided with respect to the candidates who were offering themselves for election because of the contradictory desires of the Conservative and Liberal chiefs of parties whose intestinal strife was presided over by the non-political Admiral Aznar, acting like an indifferent spectator, while the good de Hoyos found himself entangled in the web of inherited complications.

In opposition to the old political parties there now rose up the new National Monarchical Union, presided over by the Conde de Guadalhorce, an inheritance of the Dictatorship without a Dictator, but aspiring to direct the destinies of the Country. The pity is that in spite of numbering amongst its members some distinguished men, the National Monarchical Union did not realize that, owing to the fluctuations of public opinion, the moment chosen for its inception was not propitious. Notwithstanding this fact, the Guadal-

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horce henchmen did not conceal their fighting spirit or their contempt for the old Parliamentary organizations, to which these latter returned a marked aversion towards men who had "enjoyed power" illicitly "during the shameful years". In this way an abyss opened into which the Throne itself was to fall. And as if that were not enough, the "Nationalist party" of Doctor Albiñana contributed to the senseless division of forces in the camp of the "Right"; the survivors of Maurism and even the new "Labour party" under the leadership of the ex-Minister of the Dictatorship, Don Eduardo Aunós, increased the confusion.

During the last months of the Monarchy I had the pleasure of meeting Señor Aunós and of appreciating his sympathetic nature and his talent. But my impartiality compels me to add that his social work at the Ministry of Labour, with its District Committees and its inspiration derived from the Casa del Pueblo and the General Union of Workers, was the principal cause of the enormous progress and influence of the Spanish Socialist party which contributed in so marked a degree, to the unlooked for triumph of the Republic.

In order to understand the trend of the Revolution, it is necessary to remember that when General Primo de Rivera accepted power, he was the victim of a deceit practised on him by the Socialist Labour party. The General Union of Workers, which is affiliated to the Casas del Pueblo, hypocritically informed him that the Union was a non-political organization, solely pre-occupied by economic questions. The General, believing them to be acting in good faith and being anxious

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to give employment to the labouring classes and to ensure peace and prosperity to Spain, gave his patronage to this organization, at the same time breaking up and persecuting the Revolutionary Syndicates and the red Gunsmen of sinister memory. Under the patronage of the Dictator, Socialism was allowed to filter into the highest official spheres, its agents penetrating into the Councils of State, into the Ministry of Labour and into the Spanish Delegation of the Society of Nations at Geneva. The apparently peaceful intentions of the General Union of Workers made the Dictator and his Ministers believe that the organizers only wanted just concessions for the welfare of the working classes. In the hope of avoiding revolutionary strikes these concessions were given generously in exchange for favours received. As a result, the country enjoyed such an era of peace as had not been experienced for many years. It was like a mutual pact between the Dictatorship and the working classes affiliated to the Second International. The Spanish Socialist party received many advantages from this pact which, besides securing many reforms by Government gave a tremendous impetus to the development of the Union. This body became, in fact, so strong and prosperous that it was able, before long, to act as the supreme arbiter of the Country. General Primo de Rivera, without seeing the danger imminent, had written with a blind optimism that "There were only two great political forces that were well organized in Spain : the Patriotic Union and the Socialist Party." Unluckily, this affirmation contained only a half-truth, for, when the Dictator fell, the Patriotic Union

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vanished, its various supporters being scattered like dry leaves before an autumn wind. But meanwhile the inevitable happened ; the formidable General Union of Workers remained firmly established, intact, disciplined and ready to triumph in the social strife.

On their side the various Republican parties, finding it impossible to drag the masses after them, became allied by means of the celebrated Pact of San Sebastián, joining up not only with the most turbulent Revolutionary and Syndicalist elements, but even with the Catalan separatists led by the anti-Spanish Maciá.

In the elections, impelled by its own weakness to seek amalgamation with the Republican-Socialist candidates against the Monarchy, Spanish Republicanism, in exchange for the victory, renounced both its independence and the possibility of imposing its own political ideals on the Country. From that moment omnipotent Socialism, which had helped to destroy the Monarchy, imprisoned the Republic within its nets, imposing a sectarian and democratic rule that made many repent their votes for the Republican candidates.

On the eve of the April Municipal elections, a Revolutionary propaganda broke out and spread with the impetus of a volcanic eruption. Seldom in the whole course of history—one must admit it—have guile, calumny and systematic defamation been so successfully employed or such low devices used to deceive a people. The worst enemies of the Monarchy penetrated, through the medium of the Press, into every class of society. In order to tranquillize the Catholics and the timid Conservative classes, the Republicans

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of the " Right ", made a public ostentation of going to Mass and of affirming their rooted religious principles. Many thousands of ingenuous citizens were relieved to see that a Niceto Alcalá-Zamora, a Miguel Maura or a Rafael Sanchez Guerra¹ attended the services of the Church.

No one suspected at that time that these same zealous believers would collaborate with those who burnt down Churches and Convents, with " laical-Masonic " persecutors of Catholicism and of the Religious Orders. The self-centred middle classes were content to believe the promise made of a " Republic of the Right " in admirable harmony with the Church and the great dignitaries. They were told : " Although the King were to go, *nothing would happen*, because ex-Ministers and ' Constitutionalists ' would support the new regime and restrain the Demagogy." The important point was that King Alfonso must go, in which case public peace and national confidence would be reborn. A perfidious propaganda was started among the Clergy to catch the Ecclesiastical vote. It was necessary for them to dissociate themselves from any apparent adhesion to the Monarchy because, in the first place, religion is compatible with any form of Government, and in the second, because the immense majority of the Spanish people wish to change the regime. And if the Clergy committed the folly of declaring their adherence to the Throne,

¹ Sanchez Guerra, after having played his serio-comic role as Revolutionary Conspirator (although continuing to write for the Monarchist paper *A B C* until the fall of the Monarchy) is to-day nothing less than the elegant Secretary-General of the President of the Republic of Workers, clothed in a frock-coat and the ceremonial of the Court.

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sanguinary reprisals, as under the last Republic, would be the result.

The spectre of Communism was also used to convince financiers, capitalists and tradespeople that it were better to adapt oneself to an "orderly Republic", peacefully installed, than to expose oneself to the violence of the masses who were capable of plundering everything. As to the middle class, the neutral opinion which gave its vote blindly to the Republican-Socialistic amalgamation, it was not only victim of a deception but also of the idealistic post-war conceptions with their tendency towards "equality". In former days they were dazzled by the royal splendour and the grandeur of the nobles, and now they felt an irrepressible envy of the "privileges" which they did not possess and which wounded their vaguely democratic sentiments. Evidently a Republic which abolishes the Court, titles and dignities, must allow a prominent part to the middle class as long as it does not touch its purse.

In its turn the Army was undermined by those who knew how to appeal to its baser passions. The majority of the Corps of Artillery, formerly so loyal to the Throne, had been alienated from it by the excessive severity of the Dictator. Some of the Generals sympathized with the Republic, especially those whose resentment against the King had been stirred by disappointed hopes of preferment or recognition. Disloyal leaflets in favour of the Republic or of a "Liberal Communism" invaded the Barracks and shook the military discipline.

We have already seen in what manner the Ateneo

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was preparing the Revolution ; many intellectuals, Professors, journalists and students belonging to the Federal Union of Students, were working indefatigably to this end. And now the invisible claws of the Great Orient was extending secretly throughout Spain and the Masonic Lodges were redoubling their activity. In vain *L'Ami du Peuple*, the fearless daily paper of François Coty, endeavoured to explain to Spaniards that various members of the Revolutionary Committee were affiliated to the occult sects which were preparing the downfall of the Monarchy. No one took any notice. The Conservatives did not believe in "those stories". The enemies of the regime hid their alarm and qualified the revelations as "fantasies", making cheap jokes about the "perfumer" Coty. It was only when, some months later, an enlightening book was published on *The Origins of the Spanish Republic* by Canon Don Juan Tusquets, with its data and accusing documents, that the Spanish people were able to appreciate the tragic truth and to read the long list of Freemasons who had set their sectarian seal on the Second Republic.

But during this disturbed period just before the Municipal elections, to speak prudent words was to preach in the desert. The atmosphere was poisoned by the destructive campaign organized by the Jacobin Press, a campaign which owed its unmistakable origin to the secret societies. Just as in the beginning of the French Revolution, when the institution of royalty was loathed and accused of all sorts of corruption and Kings were disparaged and called "tyrants and oppressors"; just as prior to the dissolution of the

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Russian empire the unhappy Tsar and the virtuous Tsaritsa were dragged in the mud, all national disasters being attributed to them, so the King of Spain and his family became objects of the most ignoble innuendos, private and public. With the object of destroying even the memory of the radiant popularity which they had enjoyed, all mention of the efforts made by the Sovereigns to ensure the progress and prosperity of the Country was omitted from the Press. The King was accused not only of the failure of the old Parliamentary regime, but of the thousands of deaths in Morocco, of military defeats caused by his fatal personal intervention and of having conspired with Primo de Rivera to plant the "odious Dictatorship" on Spain, thus depriving the poor people of their liberty. History will neither corroborate these dark accusations nor forget the numberless indisputable services which Alfonso XIII rendered to the country; but in those days calumny and evil speaking had an easy victory. Ex-Ministers and politicians joined in discrediting the King, representing themselves as innocent victims of the "violated Constitution". Courtiers, gossiping like evil-speaking lackeys and nobles without nobility, made a public spectacle of their plebeian spirit and contributed, with suicidal instinct, to the revolutionary atmosphere of the streets.

In those days the streets were surging with scarcely suppressed passion. Foreigners of disquieting aspect, agents of the Revolutionary International and emissaries from Moscow, appeared in Madrid. A barefaced offensive was started by means of incendiary leaflets, financed by Jewish and Communistic gold.

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A wholesale revolution was foretold, with the abolition of a "rotten society" and the inevitable re-division of land. Only the Sovietic Paradise could save the unhappy Spanish workman or farm labourer from the Capitalist reaction. Russia became once more the fashion. Many students sold daily and weekly papers in the open street, which were "Red" in their tendency and spoke of the Revolution as only a temporary measure. And, no doubt, it was with a view of fomenting this Russian craze that Admiral Aznar, being asked what was his favourite book, replied that it was *My Life* by Leon Trotsky. It is also true that the inconsequence of the old Premier allowed him to carry on a courteous exchange of letters with the widow of one of the condemned for the Jaca rising, which was made public.

Faced with this destructive avalanche, the want of union amongst the Royalists was as tragic as their blindness. The Government washed its hands in the manner of Pilate and the two or three loyal and energetic men who could have acted with enlightenment were suppressed by the non-political attitude of the rest. The valiant and patriotic campaigns in defence of the Monarchy published in *A B C* were lost on the indifference or open hostility of the public. The Monarchy still had many adherents throughout the country but, unluckily, there was no Pact of San Sebastián to unite their scattered forces in a common front. The various organizations formed to defend the Throne came to battle like isolated bands of guerrilla troops. There were electoral meetings, some of them enthusiastic, after the manner of a patriotic discourse.

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But it may be said that by their isolation they weakened the main current by diverting the stream. In the cities dynastic propaganda was rarely heard ; in the country it was non-existent. Money was lacking for the electoral campaigns owing to the extraordinary parsimony of the rich. Grandees of Spain, owners of large properties who, when asked to contribute, thought to defend their goods by giving five hundred or a thousand pesetas ; and wealthy capitalists refused to make a donation because not convinced of its need. One alarming symptom, however, should have enlightened the most incurable optimists. Before the fight some surprising omissions were found in the vaunted Electoral Census prepared by the Berenguér Government ; many citizens, the greater number of them being proprietors, Castilian noblemen, priests, etc., almost all belonging to the so-called " Conservative classes ", found that their names had been erased from the list without the smallest reason. On the other hand many dead men preserved their vote although they had slept the sleep of the just for many years past !

During the last days before the elections the enthusiasm of the Revolutionaries contrasted strongly with the apathy of the Monarchists. Insulting lampoons against the King and Berenguér were to be found everywhere, tragic allusions to the victims of Annual and Monte Arruit abounded together with promises of justice, peace and prosperity without limit if the vote were given for the Republic. The most violent journals achieved unheard of sales, a testimony to the gust of madness that was blowing over the land.

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When the newsboys cried "*La Tierra*" at night, the people who snatched the paper from their hands appeared like wild beasts attracted by the smell of human flesh and the desire to kill.

On the evening of the day before the elections, Madrid awoke from her apparent tranquillity. Great motor lorries full of young men, paraded the principal streets calling out: "Vote for the Republican-Socialist Candidate!" making the echoes ring with their shouts and their motor horns. In the Puerta del Sol groups of Revolutionaries cheered the Republic and insulted the Police Guards.

What were the Monarchists doing meanwhile? Little or nothing. A few ladies and young girls of the aristocracy repaired, at the eleventh hour, to support Monarchical candidates in the popular quarters. Up in the limpid blue of a sky which showed no sign of the coming tempest, an aeroplane hovered, dropping pamphlets which were inspired by a fervent Dynastic devotion. In a few of the Monarchical electoral centres a justifiable anxiety was felt on account of the unity of the Revolutionaries and the organizers worked feverishly all through the night. But it was too late; the Revolutionary propaganda had already shown its results.

And at last the twelfth of April arrived, the decisive date that was to change the destinies of the Country in so unexpected a manner.

From an early hour in the morning it was easy to observe the immense superiority of the Republican-Socialist organization. The money which the "loyal" subjects of the Throne had been unwilling to con-

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tribute, had been generously given for the Revolutionary cause. A legion of agents, candidates and the active partisans of these, inundated the countryside. Republican young ladies and girls of the people proclaimed the merits of the Republican-Socialist Candidate in triumphant tones. Cars paraded the streets bearing enormous placards and already a profusion of tricolour flags, made in the Madrid factories, gave evidence to the insane desire to change everything. Compared to this turmoil the few supporters of the Monarchy, without direction or any other inspiration than that of their individual faith, were silenced like the sound of a modest rivulet swamped by the rolling waters of a torrent. In some electoral districts it was observed that there was total absence of Monarchical organization.

Generally speaking, the election took place in a sort of expectant calm. The mass of voters, standing in their ranks, was enormous. Madrid did not, however, anticipate a decisive victory for either side and was far from expecting the sudden turn-over in the rest of Spain. During the course of the day occurred the inevitable incidents peculiar to all elections. Here and there arose quarrels and altercations. Near the National Library, a chauffeur in whose taxi were Don Fernando de los Ríos, Don Miguel Maura and Don Pedro Rico, the future obese Lord Mayor of the Second Republic, had a violent quarrel with two young Monarchists. But nothing serious happened. Even the weather seemed to partake of the diversity of emotions experienced during the day, passing squalls alternating with gleams of spring sunshine.

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But towards evening, in spite of the prevailing calm, disquieting rumours began to be circulated concerning the possible result, and the number of Republican and red banners increased and soon pervaded the town. The Monarchists, always optimistic though inactive, were still confident of victory only admitting that there was a local victory in certain capitals. The non-political Government trusted, no doubt, in Providence. And through various channels they telephoned to the Palace, declaring, without the slightest irony that they anticipated a "certain victory".

King Alfonso waited in the Royal Palace, receiving these deceptive messages with the same serenity with which he afterwards faced the panic and the desertion of those who should have defended him. It is very certain these illusions were not shared by the Queen. For some days past she had been noticeably sad and depressed as if foreseeing the Calvary that awaited her. But this intuition was not apparently shared by the high officials. A Minister of the Government, Señor La Cierva, feeling very much dissatisfied with the trend of events, called at the Ministry of the Interior towards evening with the intention of getting an official corroboration of the latest figures. The unfortunate de Hoyos, the Turks' head of the electoral disaster, told him quite calmly that he was receiving good news. As a side-light on the general surprise felt when the result of the elections was known, I remember an acquaintance of mine telling me afterwards that he had presided at a polling booth in a certain district of Madrid.

"I cannot tell you," he said, "how amazed I was

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when, after perhaps a dozen workmen had voted amongst an immense majority belonging apparently to the bourgeois and capitalist classes, we found that there was an overwhelming majority for the Republican-Socialist Candidate."

By nightfall all illusions were dissipated, and the Government was receiving data which confirmed the tragic truth. The anti-Monarchist candidates had obtained a sweeping victory in Madrid ; in Barcelona, in spite of official confidence placed in Cambó and the Lliga, the syndicalist and anarchist elements had given the victory to the anti-Spanish Maciá and his followers. The same result was seen in the provincial capitals where the propaganda against the King and the regime had given the majority to the Republican-Socialist candidates. It was only then that the Government realized their want of foresight and became alarmed at the abyss which opened at their feet as, with increasing nervousness, they communicated the sad results of the election to the Palace. There is no doubt that King Alfonso, though realizing the gravity of the campaign directed against his person and feeling wounded by this alienation of a great mass of the Country, did not think the situation desperate. It is necessary to stress this point. Not during the agonizing Sunday night, not even during Monday the thirteenth, when the Government squandered hours and minutes in a criminal inactivity, did Alfonso XIII, think of abandoning his Throne and Spain so precipitatedly. On the contrary, with his fine political instinct, he hoped that public opinion might yet have a reaction and he considered it urgent to make a public proclamation

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to the Country, convoking the Cortes without delay in order to submit the destinies of the Monarchy to a new plebiscite. But the defeatism of the Government, who were now seized with panic, would not accept this proposal, preferring to abandon the Throne in the turbid revolutionary current which they could then have controlled. As if to encourage the famous Directive Committee of the Revolution which had met in the house of Alcalá-Zamora and was still astounded by the unhoped-for magnitude of the triumph, the Conde de Romanones, speaking that night to the journalists, gave free rein to his sudden pessimism :

“ Well, gentlemen, the result of the elections could not be more disastrous for us—the Monarchists. This is the truth and it must be said because it is useless and deceptive to attempt to hide it. There are now thirty-six provincial capitals lost to the Monarchy.”

And with pleasant frivolity the volatile politician, always the *enfant terrible* of the gravest crisis, began to attribute the disasters of the day, much to the delight of his hearers, to the last eight years which have come to a violent end. Which was equivalent to a criticism of the Monarchy, the Dictatorship and the Governments that came after.

What would the Government do? There was a tremendous sense of anxiety and expectation among the public. But although the art of politics consists in controlling events and not in being dragged after them, the Aznar Cabinet had no thought-out plan and seemed incapable of improvising one. That night the Ministers met the President, most of them being distracted by the magnitude of the defeat. An urgent

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call was sent to General Sanjurjo, the popular Commander in Africa, the right arm of the Dictatorship as he was to be the firm support of the Republic. The King had only a few days previously presented him with the grand Collar of the Order of Carlos III, and, on his part, the Marqués del Rif had assured the Monarch of his unalterable loyalty. Notwithstanding this incident, Romanones affirms that when General Sanjurjo was asked if he could answer for the Civil Guard in the approaching crisis, he lowered his eyes with a gesture of sadness. His discouragement communicated itself to almost all those who were present and they returned to their houses without having settled anything, thinking, no doubt, that the pillow is a good counsellor. And on arriving at his own, Admiral Aznar the imperturbable, having apparently nothing serious to think about or difficult points to settle, applied himself calmly to reading *Rocambole*.

Night charged with possibilities and dangers! Never better than at that moment could one have remembered the English saying : "Time is money!" But the Government neither knew it nor wished to profit by its teaching. With suicidal fatalism they waited on events.

Meanwhile, the agents of the Revolution, who had by this time recovered from their surprise, prepared in secret an active assault on the abandoned Power, a sudden manœuvre which should consolidate the unforeseen triumph.

And the morning dawned of Monday the thirteenth of April, the day that presaged the fall of the Spanish Monarchy.

XIV

THE UNDEFENDED THRONE

“ It is not possible to imagine a political revolution more perfectly Masonic than the Spanish Revolution.”

Bulletin of the Supreme Council of Grade 33.

I HAVE already pointed out that the last Government of Don Alfonso XIII, as if determined to leave no successors in office and to give themselves up to the Republicans, remained inactive during the night of Sunday, 12th April.

But there was something worse. Here we touch an enigma which no doubt will one day be solved by History. That night the Minister of War, General Berenguér, without consulting the Government and taking full responsibility for his inconceivable act, sent a circular to the Captains-General who were in office and to the Head Quarters of the Spanish Army in Morocco. This circular, which was inspired by an ambiguous sense of “ defeatism ”, written at a critical moment when it was urgently necessary to unite all the Monarchical forces round the Throne, was conceived in these words :

“ The municipal elections have been held throughout Spain with the result of which Your Excellency can judge by those which took place in your own district. The lists, up to date, show the defeat of the

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Monarchical candidates in the principal capitals, Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, etc. *We have lost the elections.*

“This fact creates a very delicate situation which must be considered by Government when the necessary data are available. At a moment of such transcendent importance, Your Excellency will understand the absolute necessity of keeping your mind fixed on the highest interests of the Country, the safety of which the Army is guaranteed to preserve at all times. Your Excellency must keep in close touch with all the garrisons in your district, telling them to have absolute confidence in Head Quarters, and ordering them to maintain discipline at all costs and to assist, in whatever way it is asked, in imposing public order.

“The Army must guarantee that the *destinies of the Country are developed, without those disturbances which would be so harmful, along the lines imposed by the supreme National will.*”

More than one Captain-General must have rubbed his eyes that morning as he read and re-read this disconcerting circular. The meaning was clear enough. There is nothing to be done ! Even before the Government had received the decisive data, General Berenguér had hastened to declare that “the elections were lost”. The night before the Conde de Romanones had said much the same thing to the journalists, allowing these distorted facts to be broadcast. And now it was the turn of the Minister of War to communicate the news to the Staff Officers of the Army, most of whom were partisans of the Monarchy. His circular paralysed in advance any scheme for

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armed intervention in favour of the existing regime. The last paragraph left no room for doubt. Absolute quiet! Discipline! The "destinies of the Country" were to be those imposed by "the supreme national will" which, being interpreted, meant the triumph of the Republican-Socialist candidates in the principal provincial capitals.

Besides being fatally inspired, this Circular of the General's contained an error which was disproved by the official figures. *The elections were not lost*, a fact that increases the responsibility of the Government, which abandoned initiative at the critical moment. The Republicans had gained a majority in the provincial capitals, and it is useless to endeavour to discount the moral effect of the victory; but *in the rest of Spain an overwhelming Monarchical majority* gave evidence to the dynastic fidelity of the greater part of the Country. The Official Gazette of Monday confirms this fact. *Twenty-two thousand Monarchists and only five thousand anti-Monarchists* were elected. Where, then, was this "defeat" of the Monarchy? Who could have predicted the sudden change of regime which took place within eight and forty hours?

Nevertheless, pessimistic rumours began to be heard in high places and unfounded reports were circulated. It appeared that the Government was not disposed to meet the manœuvres of the Revolutionaries with energy and decision. Berenguér, "the enigma", sank still lower in public opinion by reason of an incident the authenticity of which I can guarantee to my readers.

On Monday morning, when all Spain was anxiously

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watching events, a General who was loyal to the King and the Monarchy visited the Ministry of War at an early hour and asked to see Berenguér. His high rank and the friendship which existed between the General, who had been his companion in arms, and himself, enabled him to speak without reserve.

"Well, Damaso, what are you going to do? What have you decided?"

The Minister of War made a vague gesture of indecision. Nothing at the moment. Later, when the Council met, he would see. Probably the Ministry would resign.

"Good, but every moment is precious. The anxiety is tremendous. No one knows what is going to happen. Damaso, you should summon the Captains-General to Madrid in order to show that, whatever happens, the Army is faithful to the King. You should also, when the Council meets, declare martial law so that order should be maintained."

There was a short silence, broken at last by the imperturbable General Berenguér, who carefully avoided any reference to the fatal circular dispatched on the previous night. He really did not know what to say. He could not make decisions without consulting the Government (!). Perhaps by to-morrow he might not be a Minister.

"Well, but meanwhile?" persisted the other soldier impatiently, "you must at least take preventive measures. How about the Civil Guard? Have you seen Sanjurjo?"

"Yes, he was here a few minutes ago," Berenguér replied coldly. "But I don't know. . . . I don't

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know. He himself seemed doubtful about being able to rely on the Civil Guard in the circumstances."

"But look here, Damaso, at a moment like this, it is necessary to take the command from doubtful leaders and give it to those who are loyal."

Useless advice ! General Berenguér maintained his usual reserve. He did not promise anything neither did he tell his companion-in-arms what he had already done. After a few laconic remarks the interview was interrupted without any clearance of the clouded horizon in which the sun of hope still shone.

Other members of the Government showed the same defeatist spirit. Very soon after the results of the election were known, Ventosa and the Duque de Maura were summoned to the Ritz Hotel by Cambó. The Catalan leader was still unwell and above all crushed by the unexpected defeat of the Lliga and the overwhelming victory of Maciá, thanks to the decisive support of the National Confederation of Work in Barcelona. Cambó did not conceal his deep depression, thinking it as useless to defend the Throne against the Revolutionary torrent as it would be for the Ministers and Representatives of the actual Government to oppose the "popular will". For a man who, in the course of a memorable speech exclaimed : "Republic ? Monarchy ? Cataluña !" the question of the regime was entirely secondary ; it was merely a case of liquidating it as soon as possible as if it were a bankrupt business. The two Ministers, who represented the "Centre" party, which had died almost as soon as it was born, agreed with this strange point of view, which consisted in accepting the supposed

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"victory" of the Revolutionists and in officially recognizing the unfortunate elections as a National Plebiscite.¹

This abandonment of the Spanish Monarchy is not surprising in the case of a Catalan politician such as the financier Señor Ventosa who shared Cambó's convictions as to the relative importance of forms of Government, but it is less comprehensible in that of the Duque de Maura. The erudite historian has since declared, however, that he realized the sad mission of his Government, inevitable since the Dictatorship, of handing over the reins to the will of the people. That evening, being present at a funeral, he did not hide from his amazed hearers that he considered it impossible to defend the Crown.

Such was, in general, the opinion of the Monarchical Ministers and politicians on that Monday, April 13th, which must figure as the historic day of lost opportunities. The pessimists kept arriving at the Palace, at the doors of which had collected a crowd of people, amongst whom were the journalists hunting for news. Admiral Aznar, who had been obliged by the importance of events to interrupt his pleasant reading of *Rocambole*, had an interview with the King at an early hour. The old sailor and amateur Premier did not

¹ A celebrated historian and ex-Minister has assured me that on Monday morning Cambó, Ventosa and the Duque de Maura, *considering the abdication of the King necessary*, called on General Sanjurjo "asking him to put himself in communication with the Revolutionary Committee, so that, in the case of their obtaining power, he might support them with the Civic Guard in order to avoid greater disturbances."

This proves that on Monday morning the fate of the Monarch was already decided behind his back, by the members of the ruling Government.

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dissimulate his pessimism, which contrasted forcibly with the smiling carelessness of his demeanour up to date. The "popular will" had been expressed against the Monarchy, or rather against the Monarch. It would be senseless to oppose it. The Government had accomplished its duty (!). In view of the situation, His Majesty would do well to accept its immediate resignation and to consult politicians.

With a serious but serene expression, the King listened to these words, which showed very clearly that the head of his Government was prepared to desert him as soon as possible and not to oppose the apparent electoral victory of his enemies. The King was not, however, ready to "serve the Republic on a salver", as he said to his Ministers on a certain occasion. He was only going to do it when those who should have defended him to the last breath should be cowardly enough to join in the Revolutionary chorus asking him to go. At the termination of the audience it had been decided that a Council of Ministers should be held that evening. It would be seen by this means what was the opinion of the majority, although it was evident that in high official spheres panic was gaining ground every minute.

During the fatal interlude, the vague indecisive hours slipped by and the undefended Throne sank, little by little, whilst the hidden forces of the Revolution redoubled their activity in secret. Already the talk was not of the resignation of the Government but of abdication. Disloyal rumours circulated through Madrid. The King was going . . . if not to-day, to-morrow. There was no other remedy. But the

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Monarchists, although depressed by the lamentable results of the elections, refused to believe such news. Would the King go because of some Municipal elections which he had not even lost? What an absurd idea! The Government would no doubt immediately declare martial law in order to avoid any disturbance and publish a Proclamation to the people. The General Elections must be hurried on.

Poor deluded ones who believed such things. They were obviously ignorant that the Government itself had been inoculated with the Revolutionary virus. That same evening, at half-past five, while the Ministers were arriving at the Presidency for the Council, in the midst of general uneasiness, the journalists asked the Premier if he could confirm the news of a Ministerial crisis.

And the witty Admiral replied with this historic remark, which gave credit to his deep sense of Governmental responsibility :

“ What further crisis do you want after that of a people who go to bed Monarchists and wake up Republicans ? ”

After such a consoling *Requiescat*, intoned by the head of the Government himself, it surprised no one that defeatist ideas made new progress. But the discussion became heated, thanks to the firm attitude adopted by the two Conservative Ministers, Bugallal and La Cierva. The latter did not hide his amazement or his absolute disagreement with the terms of the extraordinary circular which Berenguér had addressed to the Captains-General.

“ And did you make no allusion in it to the King, Señor Conde de Xauen ? ”

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"It is not the custom in such documents."

"But, given the circumstances, as serious as they are extraordinary, you might have exceeded the blessed routine, my General !"

The argument proceeded with a heat which was lacking in the deeds of the party. Most of the Ministers were Liberals and had a fear of the possible consequences of "the popular vote". The best plan, they thought, was for the Government to resign, leaving the King to solve the political problem.

The voices of the minority protested angrily :

"That would be desertion ! They could not leave the Monarch abandoned to the Revolutionary tumult which it was their duty to suppress."

In the end there was a general agreement as to essential points. Public order was to be guaranteed. The King was to be advised to convoke the General Elections as soon as possible. Good suggestions which were to end in nothing ! Lastly, Admiral Aznar was to advise the King to consult with other politicians including the discredited "Constitutionalists".

As to adopting strong measures, declaring martial law, indicting an energetic and stirring Manifesto to the Country, in order that it might perceive that a Government existed which would inflexibly maintain its authority however much that was menaced—not a word ! The Council separated and, as they left, the Ministers were assailed by the journalists—to whom they addressed the usual platitudes habitual on such occasions.

But meanwhile the Revolution, emboldened, raised its head. The famous Revolutionary Committee,

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now baptised the "Provisional Government of the Republic" had met in the house of Don Niceto Alcalá-Zamora. The surprise and delight felt at the unexpected moral triumph of the elections, was succeeded by fear of the responsibilities undertaken and a growing anxiety concerning possible reprisals on the part of the Government.

Would the troops be called out? Would the activities of the Committee be stopped by a declaration of martial law? The hours passed, between anxiety and hope. It is now a proved fact that during Monday 13th and even as late as Tuesday, the Revolutionary Committee, in spite of its bluff and its arrogance, was fearing from one moment to another that its plans would be nullified by the appointment of a new Government forceful enough to sustain the Throne. It was only when the inconceivable inertia of the last Government became apparent, that the Committee dictated a Manifesto which was a regular challenge to the Monarchy, destined to impress public opinion and to wake up the inert "masses".

"The representatives of the Republican and Socialist forces joined together for united action, feel the inevitable necessity of addressing Spain in order to stress the historical transcendency of the day of Sunday the twelfth of April. There has never been an event in our past comparable with that which took place on this day because Spain has never before shown such strong civic sentiment and enthusiastic conviction, nor has she demonstrated what force she is capable of displaying in defence of her political ideals. The modern history of Europe may show events as important as

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those of the twelfth of April, it can show none that surpass them.

“The results of the election shown in the Spanish capitals and groups of principal towns has the force of a plebiscite unfavourable to the Monarchy and favourable to the Republic and has, at the same time, reached the dimensions of a verdict of guilt against the supreme head of the regime. In forming this adverse judgment, all the social classes of the Country and all the professions have collaborated, and there have remained manifesting in the streets, but without the privilege of voting, the fervid supporters of our ideals, the youth of Spain.

“The hour has arrived and we invoke those supreme civic virtues which have been manifested by all the cultured people, the most exalted Institutions of the State, the official organs of Government and the Army; everyone must submit to the national will which it is vain to endeavour to disguise by silence or by speaking of the rural vote on the feudal estates. On the twelfth of April the voice of a live Spain was legally registered, and if it be now evident what she desires, it is no less evident what she rejects. But if, unfortunately for our Spain, those who are employed in the Government act violently or do not respond adequately to our noble civic grandeur, we refuse—before the Country and international opinion—to be responsible for what will inevitably happen now that, in the name of this Spain arrived at her majority, eager, young, which we circumstantially represent we declare publicly that we intend to act with energy and speed in order

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to give immediate effect to her desires, by proclaiming the Republic."

"NICETO ALCALÁ-ZAMORA, FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS, SANTIAGO CÁSAIRES QUIROGA, MIGUEL MAURA, ALVARO DE ALBORNOZ, FRANCISCO LARGO CABALLERO and ALEJANDRO LERROUX."

The Manifesto made an audacious start which was followed by a series of "Notes" which, once in power the Republican Government flung almost daily at the Spanish people. These documents were characterized by unbridled self-glorification, contempt of the truth for which a permanent "official" lie was substituted, and an Olympian disdain for the real "will of the people", which the Revolutionary Committee pretended to represent, as will be seen by the omission of any mention of the Monarchical majority in the elections. But, no doubt, the quality of these votes was not comparable to those of the Republican Socialists and, for this reason, the Government proceeded, a few weeks afterwards, to the cynical suppression of all the Monarchical Municipalities in the Peninsula. Lastly came the insolent menace to constituted authority, the well-known *chantage* respecting the supposed unbridled masses who never did swarm into the streets, but who were used as a bugbear to frighten the pusillanimous politicians of the Monarchy.

What did the Government do with regard to this challenge to its authority? Nothing; there was not even a reply. Without exaggeration, it may be said

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that the last Monarchical Government, morally stupefied by the effects of the elections, suffered from an attack of paralysis which made its members powerless. And so the Revolutionary Committee, without useless parade of heroism, stepped over an inert body to reach the Throne. The enemies of the Monarchy perceived that the moment had arrived to initiate a definitive offensive, opposing it to the vacillation and uncertainty of the Aznar Cabinet. Amongst the Ministers themselves, the views of Bugallal and La Cierva, who desired martial law and a new Cabinet composed of men determined to oppose the Revolution, were accused by the defeatist Councillors of offering a challenge to it and of suggesting insane proposals. The Ministers, desirous of giving one more proof of their practical non-existence, retired that night to rest from their tremendous labours, hoping that by the following day the longed-for "total crisis" would have relieved them of their overwhelming responsibilities. To disillusion succeeded impatience and then panic. "Sauve qui peut!" appears to have been the last resolution passed by the crew of this Monarchical ship which they abandoned to be broken up by the tempest.

The Revolutionists lost no time. Whilst the evening papers attached to their cause shouted their triumph, demanding the immediate obedience to the popular will and prosecuting their audacious *chantage* to impress the public, the devastating flood continued to rise. In the darkness it surrounded the Royal Palace and the Ministries. It interfered mysteriously in the transmission of official telephone messages and tele-

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graphic communications. Secret orders were sent to prepare street manifestations for the following day. The Casa del Pueblo made arrangements for the mobilization of its masses of workmen and ordered drays to come in from the vicinity of Madrid to swell the ranks of the enslaved people, rising up against tyranny. Some of the business houses in Madrid, caught by the enthusiasm of the moment, began feverishly to prepare hundreds of little Republican and Revolutionary banners, although the triumph of the Republic would not be so profitable to them as the Royal and aristocratic entertainments had been in the past. All was prepared. Only the fear that the troops might be ordered out before dawn disturbed the hopes of the Revolutionaries with a passing nightmare.

At this time almost all Spain was asking anxiously : "What is going to happen?" The foreign Press concentrated the attention of the world on the Royal Palace of Madrid, with its memories of historic greatness, now wrapped in an atmosphere of incertitude and melancholy. The majority of the French papers did not conceal their anxiety or their sympathy for King Alfonso XIII, a Sovereign who was more than charitable and had been a Providence to the prisoners and wounded in the Great War. Nor did they dissimulate the distrust with which they were inspired by the mere possibility of the notorious pro-German, Don Niceto Alcalá-Zamora, with his crew of Socialist-demagogues succeeding the King as ruler. A bad lot ! The illustrious historian and publicist, Jacques Bainville, remarked : " If the Spaniards are going to

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have a Republic, they will have a most detestable one." He added a warning in case it came about : " A disinterested piece of advice. Have you Spanish securities ? Then do not wait too long to sell out."

There were surely many thousands of Spaniards who, since that Monday, repented the irremediable foolishness they committed when they voted for the Republican-Socialist candidate. The effects of the subversive propaganda melted away like those of a drug, and behind them the terrifying spectre of the Revolution rose threateningly. What would happen on the morrow ? What would the King do ?

No one knew and perhaps the greatest harm was done to the Monarchical cause by the fact that hardly anyone saw the King during the fatal Monday, the thirteenth of April. It is very probable that if he, always so valiant, had ridden out that day followed by his royal suite, not only would no harm have come to him, but the people of Madrid, who were always affected by deeds of gallantry, would have applauded his brave gesture with enthusiasm. But the Monarch remained isolated in his Palace, without direct contact with the people or other sources of information than those conveyed to him by fear or flattery. Perhaps Alfonso XIII began then to measure the depths of human ingratitude, the disloyalty of those who had appeared to be zealous defenders of the Throne. Perhaps in this great crisis of his reign, he thought of his lamented mother, the excellent Queen Cristina, who had preserved intact the prestige of the Crown during his minority. During these last months he

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had gone often to the Escorial to pray before her tomb. He must then have felt the blank which she had left in his existence, the want of maternal love and of advice inspired by experience.

However that was, the King, conscious of his Royal rôle, was going to act it without weakening, until he left the scene and abandoned Spain. Not a tear, not a sign of emotion. That night his apparent optimism and his serenity amazed those who were with him. Did he suspect that it was the last that he was destined to pass in the Palace? Assuredly not. During dinner the talk round him was low-toned and timid, anxious glances were fixed on him insistently. Everyone observed the silence of the Queen, the sadness and pre-occupation which were reflected on her lovely face, as if she had a presentiment of the Calvary of humiliation which awaited her. But the King had cheering words for everyone. After dinner, as usual, they went to another room accompanied by the members of the Royal Family and an intimate circle, to see a Cinematograph performance.

Meanwhile the telephone rang without ceasing.

Fervent Monarchists rang up asking for news in this uncertain hour, declaring their loyalty to the King. Army Commanders placed themselves at his orders declaring their allegiance. To all these the Sovereign sent messages of thanks, saying that in spite of the bad effect of the elections, "it did not affect the regime, but only the internal policy, and that he hoped for a rapid Ministerial solution".

Then the King, very tranquil, gave orders before retiring to rest in his private apartments, that the film

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was to be continued on the following day, that is to say, on Tuesday. But the film remained unfinished, cut short sharply and unexpectedly, like the reign of Alfonso XIII.

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"If Monarchies disappear, it is because they surrender themselves."

Metternich.

ALTHOUGH the threads of treachery and intrigue were winding their web round the Throne that night, Alfonso XIII did not realize that the dynastic ship was going to founder. The Monarch did not yet believe that it would be abandoned by those who should have defended it as long as there were a hope of reaching the harbour of safety.

He did not really understand that the Plebiscite of Sunday included a vote of censure against his person, as far as the principal provincial cities were concerned. He admitted this fact, quite candidly, speaking to some intimate friends in the Royal Palace on Monday 13th, after verifying the data of the electoral campaign. He had understood that his old popularity had suffered an eclipse, that a part of public opinion, undermined by subversive propaganda, was now adverse to him. But could this mean that Spain was no longer Monarchical, as the foolish Admiral Aznar affirmed? The number of Monarchical candidates who were successful bore witness to the contrary. It would be absurd to consider the Municipal elections as resulting in a censure

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on the Monarchy. The policy of the King and his Ministers might have been mistaken, the supposed "responsibilities of the Dictatorship" may have alienated people formerly loyal to the Throne and have confused the minds of the neutral masses who voted for the Revolutionaries. But it was still possible that a rapid Convocation of the Cortes might afford a solution to the problem. Only by this means could it be proved whether the majority of Spaniards desired the Monarchy or a Republic.

The King said this and made many observations of the same nature on Monday night, when speaking to the Vizconde de Casa Aguilar, whose affection and loyalty to the Throne have been evidenced both during the Monarchy and since its fall.

By whose indiscretion did these remarks of the King become known? Mystery! The fact remains that outside the Palace, in spite of insistent rumours that the King was going, a whisper began to be circulated stating that the King had no intention of going. And this rumour made certain people turn pale, for they were convinced that the prolonged stay of the Monarch in Madrid would unchain popular fury which would end in retributive bloodshed.

Very early on the following morning Casa Aguilar was rung up by Romanones, who made no secret of his pessimistic outlook or of his nervous apprehension, the reason for which we knew not, being unaware of what secret influence had been brought to bear on the restless politician during the night. Without beating about the bush, Romanones said :

"Go to the Palace as soon as possible and tell the

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King that, in my opinion, there is only one course open to him—his immediate departure from Spain. Don't speak of the danger he might run by remaining because, with his character and his courage, he would refuse to go. Insist on it that he must make this sacrifice for patriotism, for his love of Spain, in order to avoid greater evils."

Casa Aguilar was petrified by these words and unable to conceal his profound emotion. He objected that he could not accept so great a responsibility, neither could he venture to deliver a verbal message of such importance to the King, but that if Romanones would dictate the words that he had just spoken, he undertook to deliver the message personally to His Majesty.

Romanones agreed and dictated the following note :

" Señor : the Conde de Romanones has desired me to deliver the following message to Your Majesty, in great haste :

" The events of the early morning have made them (the Ministers) fear that the Republicans may *find supporters amongst the men in the army and public forces who will, at a critical moment, refuse to bear arms against the disturbers with whom they will join, causing bloodshed.* In order to avoid this danger (in the opinion of the before-mentioned Minister) Your Majesty should summon the Council so that each one may be responsible for the act, and that the Council should receive the resignation of the King *in order that the transference of power may be made in a legal manner.* By this means it will be possible when the day comes for the King to make a speedy return, called back by popular clamour."

(It is only as Your Majesty's servant that I accom-

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plish the task of forwarding these words, so urgently demanded.)

When this loyal servant of the King, who was also a doctor appointed to the Court, read over these words, he must have asked himself what were these terrible "events of the early morning", which could not be repressed, but which might have been stopped by an energetic Government or even by the police if definite orders had been given. But Romanones's Ultimatum to the King left no room for doubt and its defeatism compares with that of Berenguér in his famous "note". It is useless now to speculate on the fidelity of the Army or the Police Force which, instead of bearing arms against the aggressors "might join with them". Without an army, without police and without the support of his Government, what could the King do except solve the difficulty by disappearing, as soon as possible, from Spain? To gild the pill, the Count cleverly suggested the possibility of a speedy return. As the world turned round so often, who knew if there might not be another Restoration? And in that case he might demonstrate his Statesmanlike intuition by saying: "I said that he would return."

After leaving the study of the ex-Cacique of Guadalajara, who had been rejected as a Municipal candidate on his own estate, Casa Aguilar met the then Minister of Education, Señor Gascon y Marín, to whom he read the document. Gascon y Marín approved of it, being no doubt also in league not to defend the King. Casa Aguilar departed hurriedly to the Palace.

Madrid, almost deserted the day before, like a city abandoned in the midst of the unnatural calm, that



CONDE DE ROMANONES

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precedes a storm, began from an early hour to recover her animation. Isolated groups, composed for the most part of young boys and girls, paraded the streets and principal avenues brandishing little tricolour flags and calling out : " Viva la República ! " under the indifferent gaze of the police. It was a little rehearsal of the " popular " function arranged for that evening, its promoters always relying on the absolute inactivity of the Government.

At that hour there was nothing special to note in the vicinity of the Palace ; Casa Aguilar entered and was immediately received by the King, not only because of his position, but on account of his intimacy with the Monarch. In spite of the heavy blow which the humiliating advice of his Minister for Foreign Affairs gave him, Don Alfonso remained impassive during the reading of the message. His only comment was :

" I am surprised at the procedure that Romanones has adopted, but I will telephone to him to come at once."

The contents of this alarming note was soon spread about in every room of the Palace. The gravity of the situation began to be apparent to the loyal servants and even to the members of the Royal Family, but, in spite of it, the serene aspect of the King still inspired confidence in his personal experience and resources. Little by little, groups of loiterers arrived at the Royal Palace and stood outside the Puerta del Principe ; journalists hunting for news, loyal Monarchists and Revolutionary agents. At half-past ten the official car of Admiral Aznar drove up. The Admiral said that he had come to see the King and

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that he would give a verbal message on leaving. And when he left the President did make some statements rather less stupid and imprudent than those that he had made on the previous evening, although it was too late to make an impression on public opinion.

The Government had proposed to His Majesty that he should consult other sections of the Monarchical party . . . that there was no political crisis. The Government were of opinion that the Constituent Cortes should be convoked . . . because, in spite of the votes polled against the regime, *the majority of the Councillors elected were Monarchists* (à la bonne heure !) Parliament must be called . . . etc.

Total, nil, only a few vague remarks about the importance of the moment, leaving the camp free for the Revolutionaries.

At midday, the Conde de Romanones arrived at the Palace to confirm verbally the words that he had written in his note. We must stress the importance of this interview in relation to the sudden end of the Monarchy that evening. According to Romanones himself, the King desired him to get in touch with Alcalá-Zamora. No doubt he was influenced, in this hour of almost complete desertion, when his own Ministers advised him to go, by the idea that the man who had, in happier times, been his Minister of War, although now a traitor and an enemy, would show himself generous in the hour of misfortune and would offer good terms. Fatal and mistaken assumption ! If this version be correct, Romanones should have refused resolutely to bear so great a responsibility ; in the first place, because such a risky step should not have

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been taken without consulting the rest of the Cabinet, and secondly, because, in this crisis, the mere act of entering into communication with the Revolutionary Committee revealed a want of confidence. The adversary who flourishes a white flag before the battle indicates clearly that he is ready to surrender without striking a blow.

But the lot was now drawn. The Marqués de Alhucemas arrived at the Palace to summon the Constitutionalists, the Señores Sanchez Guerra, Alvarez and Villanueva, who had contributed to stimulate the Revolutionary spirit by their slights to the King ; and as he did so the intriguing Liberal Minister, in whose hands now lay the destinies of the King and the dynasty, left the Palace. He was going to confer with his ex-Secretary and always his friend, Don Niceto Alcalá-Zamora with as little delay as possible. Doctor Marañón's house would perhaps offer a secure refuge from journalistic indiscretions . . . and who knows if the insinuating doctor had not influenced his old client during the past night, inspiring him with a pessimistic outlook with respect to the future of the Monarchy in order that he might pass it on to the King, endeavouring to discourage him by means of the spectre of the Revolution ?

It was arranged that the interview should take place at Doctor Marañón's house, 43 Serrano, and there, at half-past three in the afternoon, Romanones met Alcalá-Zamora, with the aristocratic Revolutionary Doctor acting as witness and arbiter. Through this same library, which was also his consulting room, half Madrid had passed, including Queen Victoria Eugenia

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herself, who came one day to consult the Doctor. His wife and daughter, moved by the royal visit, filled the lift with flowers on that occasion. But to-day Marañón did not remember the promise that he once made to Queen Cristina never to "commit an act which might harm her son". Who would remember such a promise? It was now necessary to *get rid of the King as soon as possible*, there being no lack of eminent men in the political or scientific world who would replace him with advantage.

Don Niceto Alcalá-Zamora stood by the Doctor exuding vanity and feeling that for him the hour of triumph and vengeance had come; he was unable to hide his satisfaction. The Dictator who had wounded his self-respect by shutting the gates of the Royal Academy against him, had disappeared already; perhaps, before the day ended, the Royal Crown would fall. . . .

When Ramonones entered, pale and discomposed, perhaps feeling rather late in the day, that he resembled a rat in a trap, he advanced towards his ex-colleague and "intimate friend" exclaiming:

"Who could have imagined that we should meet again in such circumstances!"

The Count did not yet realize what these circumstances were. After some cordial and consolatory phrases such as are spoken to a dying man to help him to make a good end, Alcalá-Zamora sat down by Romanones and asked him which side was better for his hearing, as he did not want to speak loud. This point being settled, he set about to disconcert the Count by the rapidity of his attack and the tragic nature of his communication.

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The Monarchy must be given up. Spain was completely overwhelmed by the Revolutionary wave. The Republic had been declared in several of the Provincial Capitals. The Civil Governors were already approaching the Revolutionary Committee instead of the Ministers. The impatience of the people could not be restrained if it were not known what was to be expected.

"Then . . . what do you suggest?" Romanones asked, much impressed. "The King is ready to do his duty."

The "duty" imposed by the Revolutionary Committee.

"His immediate departure!" declared Alcalá-Zamora sententiously.

Romanones asked for an armistice of a few weeks, a compassionate truce. The matter might yet be arranged in a more serene atmosphere. Perhaps a Government presided over by Don Miguel Villanueva, who was popular with the Republicans?

But the adversary pressed him implacably, knowing now that he could not escape. Impossible to concede an interim resolution. The Monarchy had lost the battle. There was no other course for the King to follow: he must resign his powers before a council of Ministers and cross the frontier immediately afterwards. If the Republic were not officially proclaimed before nightfall, the violence of an angry people might unchain apocalyptic catastrophes.

"The Monarchists who did so little to save the King," Dr. Marañón has written,¹ "and who after-

¹ *La Revolution Espagnole* published in *La Revue de France*, June 1, 1931.

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wards insulted Romanones, would blush with shame if they could have heard with what desperate persistence he strove to save the Monarchy."

"The argument went on," continued the medical spectator, "Romanones yielding little by little and reducing the conditions for which he had asked. Alcalá redoubled his exigencies. *In the end, the Monarchy had to yield.*

"The King was to go that same day, to Portugal as was first arranged, but afterwards to Cartagena. The rest of the Royal Family were to leave on the following day. There was to be no abdication, only a Manifesto from the King, which was published two days after his departure. It had been drawn up, it appeared, by the Duque de Maura."¹

And so these three men, two Revolutionaries and the third a Minister of the King who had not consulted the Government, decided the fate of the Spanish Monarchy! The interview ended with the complete surrender of the self-styled emissary of the King.

This blackmail, the threat of a bloody revolution, discouraged Romanones, having the same effect on him that cries of "Fire! The house is burning! There isn't a moment to lose!" would have had on a nervous man. Credulous, in spite of his acuteness, he accepted what he was told without taking the trouble to verify the facts and left the house disconcerted, panic-stricken. Yes . . . the King must go as soon as possible in order to avoid bloody massacres. . . .

As the Count left the Doctor's house, he was surrounded by groups of inquirers, chiefly Revolutionary

¹ Idem.

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students, who hissed him, not knowing that he had just "served up the Republic on a salver" as the King himself had refused to do up to that date.¹

Meanwhile, Alcalá-Zamora and Marañón, delighted by their success, repaired to another room, where they found awaiting them Ortega y Gasset and Pérez de Ayala, to whom they announced the easy defeat of the Monarchy.

The bad news fell like a bomb on the Palace, but the King, who had faced bombs and attempts on his life already, accepted the sacrifice of his Throne with calm as it seemed to be the "will of the people". He would leave Spain that same evening. He would dictate a Manifesto to the Country, not renouncing his rights, but transferring his powers before a Council of Ministers.

Alarming rumours filled the Royal Palace, agitating Courtiers and servants alike. The sudden change of events was announced to the Queen, the Prince and the Infantes. Their emotion and their amazement

¹ I have never given credit to the accusation of "treachery" which has been harshly attributed to Romanones by many Monarchists, but, as I have said above, he was impressionable and frightened by the threats of Alcalá-Zamora.

But the Count need not be surprised, much less grieved, at this unfavourable opinion of the Monarchists, because the persistent praise meted out to him by Alcalá-Zamora and Marañón concerning his tenacious "defence" of the Monarchy, have made him suspected by loyalists. He himself, moreover, confirmed these suspicions after the new regime was established, by keeping up cordial relations not only with his "intimate friend" the President of the Provisional Government, but with other representative men of the Second Republic. Not even the fact of his having secured the position of a "Monarchical Deputy", as Sanchez Guerra and other old politicians have also done, has restored him to favour, because this rare privilege appears to have been accorded to him for having helped to liquidate the Monarchy.

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were indescribable. What would be their fate condemned to the unjust punishment of exile? What crime had they committed that they were to be suddenly banished from their adored Spain and hurried over the frontier as "undesirable"?

Alfonso XIII now accomplished an ungrateful duty that was purely formal. He received the Constitutionalists, those Monarchists without a King at the service of the Republic. The politicians of the old regime crossed the threshold of the Palace for the last time. As Sanchez Guerra left the Royal Council Chamber, he was accosted by journalists to whom he reiterated his fervent Monarchism, no doubt moved by a noble, if tardy, impulse to stand fast in this hour of betrayals and abandonment. Don Miguel Villanueva spoke a few unimportant words, but the tactless equilibrist Don Melquiades Alvarez, seeing that the balance was inclining towards the Republic, made a declaration of his Republican sympathies which, spoken in such a place, displayed the delicacy of his sentiments.

At this same hour an extraordinary performance took place in the centre of Madrid. As if obeying a word of command, the new tri-colour Republican banner, which was to replace the National Spanish flag, always used even during the first Republic, was unfurled over the Palace of Communications. In a moment, numberless tri-colour and red flags, presented by the Casa del Pueblo, fluttered from every balcony. The same organization had distributed tri-colour and red flags as well as posters amongst the taxis which filed by along the principal streets, down which crowds of people

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were already running with cries of "Viva la República !" Followed by lorries and cars filled with the men who had been hired to acclaim the redeeming Republic and the first "popular" Manifestation was held in the Plaza de la Cibeles, before the Palace of Communications. People drunk with enthusiasm which they communicated to others, jumped from carts and tramways, embraced each other with emotion and united in the ever-increasing cries of "Viva la República, Viv . . . aaaa !"

What did the Government do? Where was any show of authority? Who maintained public order? Neither existed. And now the news penetrated not only through Madrid, but throughout Spain! *The Monarchy has fallen, the King is going to-night.* The flood overflowed its banks and there was no dyke to control the turbid waters. At four o'clock the Separatists of Maciá got possession of the Barcelona Ayunta miento and proclaimed . . . *the Republic of Catalonia*, which disconcerted the Spanish Revolutionists themselves.

The last Ministerial Council to be held in the Palace was fixed for six o'clock, a Council that under the sinister light of reality appeared like one in a dream. Almost all the Ministers felt the dramatic intensity of this historic moment. In the midst of the heated atmosphere caused by so many different opinions and by the dread of the coming downfall of the Institutions, the calm demeanour of the King was impressive. Little by little, as the very serious political situation was discussed and no remedy suggested, the Ministerial discussion became more and more violent. Only the Conservative Ministers, La Cierva, supported

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by Bugallal, opposed themselves resolutely to the surrender of the Monarchy to the threats of the Revolutionary Committee, giving up the battle before it was begun, and while there were still so many loyalists who could be trusted. The "defeatists" protested, terrified at the suggestion of such an insane attempt. One could count on nothing, neither the army nor the Civil Guard . . . the situation was impossible. The Revolutionary masses were masters of the streets of Madrid, which would swim in blood if the Government were to oppose the popular will. Here the King interrupted :

"I do not wish one drop of blood to be shed for me. If it is for the good of Spain, I will go without hesitation."

The discussion turned on the urgency of the case and the best way of meeting the situation. Twice during the Council the Revolutionary Committee sent insolent messages to the effect that they were waiting to hear of the King's renunciation. His life was safe for the present, but he must go without delay.

The door opened and one of the King's aides-de-camp, having asked his permission, informed the Conde de Romanones that Marañon had called him up on the telephone, "insisting on a prompt decision", as the patience of the Revolutionary Committee had arrived at its extreme limit and it was necessary to hand over the power at once.

Glances of amazement passed between the Ministers and La Cierva, addressing Romanones, censured him severely for having had any "talk with those people" without the knowledge of the Government. The

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King again cut short the debate which he felt the uselessness of prolonging, by reading, in a clear, firm voice, the following document in which a strange note of pessimism is observable :

" The elections which were held on Sunday show very clearly that I have no longer the love of my people. My conscience tells me that this misunderstanding will not be final because I have always tried to serve Spain and have been solicitous to promote her interests even on the most critical occasions.

" A King may make mistakes, and I have no doubt erred at times, but I know that our Country has always shown herself generous to those whose faults are unintentional. I am the King of all Spaniards and I am also a Spaniard. *I could find abundant means to maintain my Royal prerogative, by efficacious force against those who would oppose me. But I wish most strongly to dissociate myself from any attempt to drag my compatriots into a fratricidal civil war.* I do not renounce any of my rights, because they are a trust accumulated by History rather than my own, and I shall have to give a rigorous account of them in times to come.

" I hope to know the authentic and adequate expression of the collective will, and whilst the Nation speaks, I will deliberately suspend the exercise of the Royal Power and I will leave Spain, recognizing her as the sole mistress of her destinies. I think in this way that I shall fulfil my duty as my love of my Country dictates. I pray to God that other Spaniards will feel their duty as deeply and fulfil it as I do."

After reading the document, the King signed it with a firm hand and gave it to Admiral Aznar, causing the

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tears to rise in the eyes of some of those present. This then was the official epilogue of the reign of Alfonso XIII. From now onwards the Conspirators, the Revolutionaries, would be the masters.

The King rose and all followed his example. The journey must be decided at once. Should he go to Lisbon? to Gibraltar? Would he be given time to get as far as the French frontier? In the end it was decided that the King should go by car to Cartagena, which he could reach in six or seven hours. Both Hoyos and Admiral Aznar offered to accompany the fallen Sovereign as far as the port, and it was finally decided that the latter should officiate. The cars for the Suite would leave by the gate of the Campo del Moro at half-past eight.

But how about the members of the Royal Family? Could they remain in Madrid in the midst of the Revolution? It is impossible for them to start that night because of the delicate health of the Prince of Asturias and of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the sister-in-law of the Queen, who was then staying in the Palace. The King, confiding in the chivalry of his people, did not think that his august wife and his children would run any risk by remaining for a few days longer.

"My family is in the care of Spaniards," he said confidently.

It was necessary to undeceive the Royal optimist. It was risky to delay the journey; the Royal Family must leave by the Northern Station the next morning at latest. None of those who accepted this easy solution of the difficulty could have foreseen what a night of humiliations this was to be for the Queen and her

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family in the undefended Palace surrounded by the Revolutionary crowds shouting their insulting and obscene remarks.

The Council took leave of the Monarch, and some of them could not restrain their tears, perhaps feeling the legendary grief of Boabdil for not having been able to save Granada. La Cierva still implored the King to remain and to face the situation. His noble sacrifice would not be appreciated and would cost many tears, much bloodshed and disappointment in the Country. The act of the King, far from saving Spain, would be fatal and irremediable. He placed himself at the orders of His Majesty and was ready to form a Government composed of loyal civilians and soldiers who would give battle to the Revolution.

The King pressed his hands and said, with a resigned smile :

“Many thanks. It is too late now. There is nothing else left for me to do.”

The other Ministers left with bowed heads.

Some courtiers and members of the aristocracy who had heard the news, assembled in the Royal ante-chamber, deeply impressed by the dangers and the uncertainty that threatened the Throne.

“But is it possible ? Is the King going to abandon Spain to the Revolutionaries ? ”

General Marqués de Cavalcanti arrived, dressed in civilian clothes ; he could not believe the alarming rumours, but had come to offer his services unconditionally to the King. The distinguished General saw the Ministers pass through, showing signs of agitation, and he heard some of those present harshly blame the

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Conde de Romanones as he strode past with an angry and discomposed air. The General was told what was happening, and then La Cierva, livid, unable to restrain his indignation, walked past, exclaiming :

“ They left me alone, completely alone ! ”

Cavalcanti, stupefied, went up to the Minister and said :

“ But now there are two of us. I will not allow this to happen. I am ready to do whatever is necessary.”

Those present took courage and a spark of hope shone for a moment in their eyes, soon to vanish before the inexorable force of destiny. But History will have to render justice to the valiant effort made by Don Juan de la Cierva and General Cavalcanti, the hero of Taxdirt, in an hour of almost total abandonment and of the general state of panic which surrounded the Throne.

Suddenly the murmur of voices stopped as the slender silhouette of the King appeared in the doorway of the antechamber.

“ Señor ! Señor ! Listen to General Cavalcanti ! ”

The General advanced towards the King and, after making a respectful bow, said that he had just heard the incredible decision that had been made, inspired by the Council of Ministers. He could not allow such a thing to happen. The Army, or the great part of the Army which remained loyal to the Monarchy, was ready to intervene. If he were ordered, he would immediately take command of the troops and sally into the streets of Madrid to repress the Revolutionary outbreak. . . .

“ Thanks, Pepe, I thank you very much. It is useless.”

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Cavalcanti insisted, his words echoed by voices of entreaty. The King made a negative gesture.

"Señores, thanks to you all. But I understand my duty otherwise."

He pressed the hands stretched out to him affectionately, making a friendly gesture of farewell to all present from the threshold of the antechamber.

The King had gone.

The ever-increasing noise of the human flood could now be heard through the open windows. It was known that the so-called Provisional Government of the Republic had taken possession of the powers without any opposition ; that in the Puerta del Sol there was a popular manifestation which was taking on the character of a national "Juerga". The new Minister of the Interior, Don Miguel Maura, had spoken to the crowd, enjoying the hour of triumph in which his personal desire for vengeance had been satisfied. The President Alcalá-Zamora had done the same, promising an earthly paradise to all. The centre of Madrid was crowded by a multitude mad with enthusiasm. The Republic at last ! That is to say, the "fat" prize in a lottery, divided amongst the citizens who had voted for the Republic. That was it . . . from that day on there would be no more poor, because the fortunes and the land of others would be divided among them. Down with class privileges ! Down with the Clergy ! Long live the Republic . . . which meant equality and absolute unbridled liberty. Now everything belonged to them all . . . and to show the truth of this assertion, people jumped on to tramways and into taxis refusing to pay their fares. Hadn't

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we a Republic ? Down with laws, rules, police and authority ! Viva la República !

The streets leading to the Plaza de Oriente were black with people waving red banners and crying out with deafening reiteration. Some couples of the Civil Guard kept them in order for a time, but later they retired, having received an order to leave the field free for the popular processions.

And from inside the Palace could be heard the monotonous rhythm of the often repeated words :

“ Let them go ! Let them go ! ” mingled with insults addressed to the Royal Family and deafening cheers for the Republic which had conquered without having striven.

XVI

TOWARDS EXILE

“Revolutions deceive many in order to benefit a few.”

Aparisi y Guijarro.

MADRID was now seething with Revolutionary enthusiasm, but the central streets presented an aspect of a general holiday and one might have imagined oneself to be taking part in a demagogic festival. Red flags and Republican flags, crowds, merriment and noise . . . the Republic ! What hopes and what illusions illumined the horizon at the sound of that magic word ? Lorries filled with workmen kept on arriving, and the men were joined by work-girls coming out of the shops, women of the people, the *habitués* of the cafés and others of the lowest class, all intent on forming part of the joyful Revolutionary chorus during the fourteenth and fifteenth of April.

The taxis were provided gratis by the Casa del Pueblo with posters on which was painted an allegorical figure representing the Republic. Many private cars displayed enormous photographs of Galán and García-Hernández. The Municipal Guard saluted the new Republican flag because the Republic had been proclaimed from the Town Hall that evening. Madrid appeared to be celebrating some great festival rather than the day of reckoning when an oppressed

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people had just broken their chains, thirsting for revenge. The cafés and bars in the centre of the city were crowded ; the human river overflowed into the principal avenues and streets. Groups of students belonging to the F.U.E. filed by carrying their standard and crying :

“ They’re turned out ! They’re turned out ! ”

The multitude was massed in the Gran Via and the Calle de Alcalá, and flowed into the Puerta del Sol. Only in the aristocratic quarters did the closed houses and palaces show their mute stupor confronted with the fall of the Spanish Monarchy.

The transition of power from the old to the new regime was accomplished almost without being felt, rather like a surgical operation performed under chloroform. The Revolutionary Committee being now certain that the troops quartered in the City would not intervene, and that the inexistent, Monarchical Government had yielded, leaving the way clear, left its hiding place at last and prepared to proclaim the Republic officially.

It must be allowed that there was no epic grandeur about the taking possession. About half-past six in the evening, the Señores Alcalá-Zamora, Lerroux, Azaña, De los Ríos, Maura and Albornoz arrived at the Ministry of the Interior by the Calle de Correos and entered the building without being recognized by the crowd. From thence they telephoned to Don Eduardo Ortega y Gasset, the libellous author of *Hojas Libres*, telling him to take possession of the Civil Government of Madrid, and to Don Pedro Rico to do the same at the Town Hall. Don Miguel Maura, the new Minister

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of the Interior, a post in which he was to leave such a lamentable record, went to the office of the Under Secretary of State, Don Mariano Marfil, and said to him :

“ Although this is hardly taking possession according to protocol, I have come to take charge of the Ministry of the Interior in the name of the Provisional Government of the Republic.”

“ I consider myself informed,” replied the Under Secretary philosophically, as he collected his papers and left the room.

After this came the popular apotheosis. The Aces of the Provisional Government, who were going to turn it into the most despotic of Dictatorships, standing on one of the balconies of the Ministry which looked over the Puerta del Sol, were tremendously cheered by the crowd. The Plaza was black with people applauding till they were hoarse, and when the Republican flag was unfurled over the façade there were renewed acclamations and handkerchiefs were waved in the air. A moment's silence in memory of the “ martyrs ” Galán and García-Hernández followed, and then the Señores Alcalá-Zamora and Maura retired with the other members of the Government before making their speeches, as there were decrees to sign and instructions to give to civil and military authorities.

Meanwhile, the crowd grew impatient. What was there to do now ? Where should they go ? A word ran from one to the other :

“ To the Palace ! ”

Professional agitators, the disgruntled, the adven-

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turers, all the dregs of Society that rise to the surface during Revolutionary disturbances, led the masses, avid of sensation, towards the Plaza de Oriente. In other parts of Madrid the rejoicings had been inoffensive, but in the streets leading to the Plaza the multitude, although not daring to break through the cordon made by some pairs of the Civil Guard, shouted out their sentiments of hatred, envy and revenge, possibly also their lust for pillage and destruction. What a magnificent division of spoil might be inaugurated with the treasures of the Royal Palace of Madrid ! But others thought, " Calm, a little calm ! ", reflecting that the new Revolutionary Governors had promised greater things during their campaigns of propaganda.

King Alfonso, surveying the scene from one of the windows of the Palace, was unable to repress a gesture of surprise and disillusion. He heard the shouts and personal insults, just as he and the Queen, standing in this same place but two months ago, had received popular acclamation on the night of Queen Victoria's return from London. He felt now that he must accept his destiny. He knew that one or two of the regiments quartered in the city could protect not only the Plaza, but all the streets in Madrid. But he did not wish to shed blood . . . although there might have been no bloodshed, but only fugitives. . . . He would leave Spain. He said once to one of his suite :

" I am going to show them that I am more democratic than they. If need be, I will go."

Whatever the judgment of History may be with regard to this decision, justice must be done to Don Alfonso, who acted in these grave circumstances as he

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had done in other of the crises of his life. Whilst all around him were in a state of distress, he alone retained his self-possession. The other members of the Royal Family were very naturally apprehensive of the possible risks attending the night journey to Cartagena ; the servants ran about the Palace, half distracted, picking up things and packing boxes with a haste that suggested a devastating fire. Members of the Court and the aristocracy kept on arriving to take leave of the Sovereigns, others sent flowers to the Queen ; amongst others the French Ambassador, M. Corbin, sent a magnificent basket expressing, in this delicate way, his conviction that in the other Republic the Elysée was very near to Versailles.

When the Queen learned that she and her children could not leave until the next day, she exclaimed tearfully :

“ To think that I shall leave Spain under the protection of the Republicans ! ”

“ No, Señora,” replied one of those present, “ Your Majesty will be accompanied to the frontier by loyal Monarchists.”

Yes, but there was something more—a night of anguish and humiliation.

The King came down at last to take leave of the members of his family. He has been criticized because he left them behind in such tragic circumstances, but what else could he have done ? He was not allowed to remain even an hour longer, and they could not leave at once for reasons which I have already indicated.

The parting was heartbreaking. The King embraced his son the Prince of Asturias, who was ill in

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bed, and succeeded in dominating his natural feelings. Queen Victoria and the Infantas wept inconsolably, but the two princes, Don Jaime and Don Gonzalo, made an effort to imitate the composure of their august father.

Before leaving, the King inquired anxiously concerning the health of his aged aunt, the Infanta Isabel, who was living in her little palace in the Calle Quintana ; she was unwell and badly off, having spent her fortune in charity. Turning to his cousin, Doña Beatriz de Orleans, who was looking after the Infanta with almost filial affection, Don Alfonso said :

“ Tell Aunt Isabel not to worry about money or anything else. I will not forget her.”

Useless generosity ! The popular, “ castiza ” and virtuous Infanta died of grief in exile only a few days afterwards, struck down by the fall of the Monarchy for which she had made so many sacrifices : a sad fate that she had not deserved.

The King then walked for the last time through the galleries of the sumptuous Royal Palace, in which historic ceremonies had taken place that had been the admiration of the world. He stopped for a moment before the portrait of Queen Maria Cristina, looking at it fixedly. God had taken her in good time. The excellent Sovereign who had suffered so much as wife and mother was at least spared witnessing the fall of the Monarchy and the exile of her beloved son.

When he left the gallery to take the lift, the King was surrounded by members of the Court and Palace officials who offered him an enthusiastic ovation ; weeping women servants kissed his hands. The Com-

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manding Officer and others of the Royal Escort had tears in their eyes. The Halberdier on guard gave a cry of "Viva el Rey!", which was echoed with veritable emotion by those present. Amongst these were General Lopez-Pozas in uniform, the Condes de Aybar and de Macéda, the King's Secretary the Marqués de Torre de Mendoza and the Intendant of the Palace, Señor Asúa. Don Alfonso, who was dressed for the journey in a striped grey suit and a soft hat, smiled gratefully.

"Calm, Gentlemen," he said. "We must be calm and very patient."

The Infante Don Alfonso de Orleans and the then Minister of the Navy, Admiral Rivera, who were to accompany him to Cartagena, followed the King, and behind them came the Palace officials and servants, who besought him not to leave them. On arrival at the Hall of the Halberdiers, those who were on duty under the command of the distinguished officer, Don Rufino Lucas Camillas, gave a resounding "Viva el Rey!", to which the King replied: "Viva España!"

At the so-called "Puerta incognita", which leads to the Campo del Moro, the King found the Marquéses of Camarasa, Someruelos, General Lóriga, and the aides-de-camp, Gallarza and Uzquiana, waiting for him. He had to make an effort to separate himself from them as they pressed round bidding him farewell. At last he entered the waiting car with the Infante Don Alfonso de Orleans. Admiral Rivera and the Duque de Miranda followed in another car, the King's principal valet, Francisco Moreno, bringing up the rear with the modest luggage of his master. Farther

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on a car containing six Civil Guards and a Sergeant joined them, acting as escort.

In the calm silence of the night renewed cheers were heard as the cars started, their powerful headlights illuminating the leafy avenues and fountains of the magnificent Royal gardens.

The King had gone. . . . His Throne had fallen. . . . And now there lay before him only the way to exile, the long journey to Cartagena between the impressive solitude of the interminable high road and the noisy rejoicing of people proclaiming the Republic.

Two men were waiting for the King in the harbour of Cartagena. The first of these was the Marqués de Magaz, the Captain-General of the Department, an intelligent man whose great capacity as a ruler had been proved when he was Vice-President of the Dictatorship; the second was General Zubillaga, the Military Governor of the City. They had been notified from Madrid that the King would arrive about half-past two in the morning, and before that hour both officials were waiting near the Arsenal, in uniform, ready to represent the Army and Navy respectively when bidding farewell to Don Alfonso. His arrival was expected from one moment to another. The cruiser *Principe Alfonso* lay near ready to weigh anchor directly the King should embark.

But the King did not come. Half-past two . . . three . . . it was nearly four o'clock and the impatience of the officers gave place to a devastating anxiety. What could have happened? It must be something serious . . . an accident, or perhaps the travellers had

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been recognized and detained. Magaz and Zubillaga were on the point of sending out a search party by road when the sound of a motor horn broke the nocturnal silence in which Cartagena lay sleeping.

At last ! It was they, and luckily nothing untoward had happened. There had been a little engine trouble which had caused delay. The King, who showed no signs of fatigue, stepped from the car and shook hands with the authorities. The Infante Don Alfonso, Admiral Rivera and others who had accompanied him on the risky journey, followed. A few spectators surveyed the scene quietly.

Don Alfonso spoke kindly to those who had come to render him the last honours, explaining the reasons which had made him convinced of his duty to leave Spain without bloodshed. He asked for details concerning the Proclamation of the Republic in Cartagena and whether martial law had been proclaimed. He was told that the new regime had been proclaimed in most parts of Spain from the Town Halls of each department. When bidding the two Commanders good-bye, the King asked them to direct their officers, in his name, to respect the new regime for the sake of Spain. He then embarked in a launch with his cousin, the Infante Don Alfonso, the Duque de Miranda, the Marqués de Magaz, and Admiral Rivera, who was to accompany him to Marseilles. As they left, a group of men suddenly and spontaneously broke out with a burst of cheering, their voices vibrating with emotion. The King, standing up, replied :

“ Viva España ! ”

When he arrived on the cruiser he who had been a

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Sovereign began to feel the bitterness of his fall. He was not received with honours on board. The Commandant of the *Principe Alfonso*, Señor Fernandez Piña, whose discourteous behaviour throughout the voyage must have earned him the approval of the new Republic, received him on deck accompanied by two or three marine authorities of the Port. The reception was cold, and the King confined himself to exchanging a few words with Magaz and others who had accompanied him so far. After they had gone he remained standing motionless as the anchor was weighed, his eyes fixed on his beloved country until its shores were lost to view.

During the humiliating voyage towards exile, the King hardly left the Admiral's cabin, which had been placed at his disposal except occasionally when he went out on deck to get a breath of air. What a change had come over the scene already ! When he went on deck he felt like a State prisoner, and he noticed that the officers held aloof, no doubt for fear of compromising themselves with the new Government. Later on, when in exile, the King said :

“ After I lost sight of Spain I felt a sort of vacuum all around me, a sense of isolation.”

It must, however, be noted that some of the officers took it in turns to watch outside the Admiral's cabin, armed, in case the Revolutionary spirit that had gained so much ground in the Navy should inspire a criminal attack.

Meanwhile, the King, having recovered from the fatigues and emotions of the night, felt a desire to take leave of his former Army and Navy, the twofold objects

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of his affections. Having signified his intention to Admiral Rivera, he dictated the two following addresses, which are instinct with a sincere patriotism.

“ TO THE SPANISH ARMY

“ On leaving you and on leaving the soil of our Country, I desire to express my gratitude to you for the loyalty which you have always shown to me and for the certainty which I feel that you will at all times continue to be a model of discipline and that you will have courage to devote your hearts’ service to the good of your country.

“ United to you, I cry more emphatically than ever—Viva España !

“ ALFONSO R.”

“ TO THE SPANISH NAVY

“ I am convinced that in order that Spain may be something vital, may pull her weight in the balance of Mediterranean power, keeping our place and preserving peace, it is necessary to exact the highest efficiency in our naval forces, both in material and in personnel. You with your loyalty, enthusiasm and discipline, have always honoured the glorious ensign of our ancestors, which, as it floats in the wind over your heads, shelters you beneath its folds, making you feel the protective force of the Mother Country. The cruiser which, when newly built, excited our pride as the last word in naval construction, and in

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which I visited the harbours of Italy, England and France, receiving everywhere congratulations on her efficiency, is the one that is carrying me to a strange land, and is the last bit of Spanish soil on which I shall tread. When I strike my colours it will be with a certainty of having fulfilled my duty in having saved Spain from the shedding of brotherly blood. I beg you to continue serving our Navy and the Country faithfully and with the same enthusiasm with which you served in my time, and when formed in brigades you cry : ' Viva España ! ', remember that I shall never forget you and that my heart is with you.

" ALFONSO R."

It is hardly a matter for surprise that these two addresses, models of disinterested patriotism, should have been suppressed by the Provisional Government of the Republic instead of being published. How could they have been published after the representative men of the new regime, yielding to their sectarian hatred of the past, had substituted another flag for the glorious National banner of Spain? We must remember that the new Minister of Marine was Señor Cásares Quiroga, unknown till then to the majority of Spaniards, but soon to be known for his Revolutionary aptitude for disorganizing the Navy. We must also recall that the new Minister of War, a member of the Ateneo, Don Manuel Azaña, began to " triturar " our Army, weeding out of it any officers or men who felt regret at the fall of the Monarchy.

But the King was far from anticipating such anti-patriotic manœuvres or the ignoble campaign of lies

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and abuse which was to follow him to exile, like handfuls of dirt thrown after him by the Revolutionaries. He continued his voyage feeling more tranquil now that he had fulfilled a duty dictated by his conscience and had put patriotism above his personal humiliations.

During the voyage some good news arrived which helped to calm his anxiety for his third son, Don Juan. The Governor of Gibraltar, General Godley, sent a wireless message announcing the safe arrival of the Prince, accompanied by a respectful address of sympathy to the King in the sad circumstances which had arisen. It will be remembered that the young Infante was pursuing his studies in the Naval Academy of San Fernando, whither the General had, following a generous impulse, sent a car, with an officer in attendance, to fetch him when the troubles broke out. The Prince was received at Gibraltar with all the honours due to his rank. The exiled King received other messages by the wireless at the same time.

It has been said that the Provisional Government of the Republic ordered the Commandant of the *Principe Alfonso*, through the medium of the wireless, to hoist the new tricolour flag on board without consideration for the Monarch who had ruled over Spain for so many years. I can declare authoritatively that this statement is absolutely false. No message or instruction of any sort came through from the Government during the voyage. The whole responsibility is thus thrown on to the Commandant, who ordered the ship's tailor to cut out the violet standard of Castile in order to complete the tricolour flag, which was to

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be hoisted directly the King had disembarked. Not content with this gesture, Señor Fernandez Piña, whose frigid and distant manner towards the late head of the State was so marked, had the discourtesy to refuse a request made by Don Alfonso. The King wished to have two little red and gold banners, which could be of no use in future, to keep as a record of the past ; they were only given him after Admiral Rivera had interposed, blaming the refusal of the surly Commandant, and obliging him to offer the little banners to the King. As was only natural, this incident wounded the feelings of the King very deeply.

A few hours afterwards the earliest glow of dawn began to chase away the shadows of night, and Marseilles appeared, the first halting place in exile. As the hour of the King's arrival was not known, the French authorities did not come down to the harbour until much later, and there were only a few journalists and others present. The *Principe Alfonso*, which in happier times had brought the exile to foreign shores to be received with Royal honours and ovations, advanced slowly, without showing any standard or insignia of royalty, and slipped into harbour almost unperceived.

Don Alfonso was already on deck when some distant clocks struck six ; in spite of the early hour, he decided to disembark in order to escape from the curiosity of the French people as well as from those manifestations of popular sympathy which he received later. The boats were lowered in which he and his small suite were to land and the crew was drawn up, headed by the Commandant and Admiral Rivera. A

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few minutes previously, Don Alfonso had told his late Naval Minister that he wished to address a few words of farewell to the men, but the Admiral had dissuaded him, fearing that it might give rise to a manifestation of hostility by those who wished to show their adhesion to the new regime.

The King accepted this well-meant advice and contented himself with shaking hands with the officers before taking his place in the motor boat with Admiral Rivera and the Duque de Miranda. The silence preserved by the King and also by the ship's crew, made this historic farewell one of intense emotion.

As the motor launch touched the mole, Don Alfonso showed his pent-up emotion for the first time since leaving Madrid. The tears sprang to his eyes and he turned to Admiral Rivera as he clasped his hands before they separated, saying :

"Forgive me, my General ; I am leaving my Country, which I love better than anything in the world."

A few motionless spectators surveyed the scene in the half light. The vast harbour was almost deserted at that hour and there was not a single car to be seen. The exiled King accepted the amiable offer of some navvies who volunteered to go in search of a taxi, resigning himself to wait patiently with his friends, and surrounded by his recently disembarked luggage.

His incognito was not destined to last long. Whilst in Spain the triumphant Revolutionaries were throwing mud at the fallen Monarch, France, cultured and hospitable, opened her arms lovingly to him.

A fine and noble gesture of chivalry from a people that, in spite of democratic views, has always preserved

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an elegant refinement of intellect. Marseilles awoke that day electrified, reading the sensational announcement, "Le Roi d'Espagne est arrivé !" Crowds besieged his hotel, cheering frantically under his windows. The civil and military authorities vied with each other in their treatment of the King, acting as if he were making an official visit. So, in the hour of disgrace, did France receive the descendant of Louis XIV, who had done so much for her wounded and prisoners in the Great War. After that came the triumphal reception offered by Paris. The streets in the neighbourhood of the Quai d'Orsay were black with a compact multitude crying out "Vive le Roi !" and breaking through the cordon of police in an effort to demonstrate its enthusiasm.

This spontaneous manifestation may perhaps, if only for a moment, have softened the recollection of the past with its bitter memories of disloyalty and betrayal.

A ROYAL CALVARY

“MY family remains in the hands of Spaniards,” Don Alfonso had said when he left the Palace for the last time.

He sincerely believed that this people, of whose chivalry so much had been said, would preserve a dignified and respectful attitude towards an abandoned undefended family, stranded in the midst of the Revolutionary tumult ; but in his optimism he did not realize, even in the hour of his fall, that seditious propaganda had poisoned the credulous minds of the masses ; that the people glimpsed a levelling social equality through a mist of hatred and envy.

The fact remains that on the memorable night of the 14th April, by one of the cruel injustices of Destiny, popular passions were excited against the innocent victims which the Throne had dragged down in its fall—Queen Victoria Eugenia, the Prince of Asturias, the Infantes and Infantas, those who had always remained outside the strife of political intrigue.

About nine o'clock at night, shortly after the King had left for Cartagena, when it was very necessary for the new Republican Government to take every precaution because of its moral responsibility, the police and the Civil Guards who had hitherto kept the crowd out of the Plaza de Oriente, were removed. In an

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instant, an impetuous avalanche spread over the whole extent of the Plaza right up to the door of the Puerta del Principe. The noise was deafening. Insults and vile phrases resounded under the windows of the Palace. Cars and lorries advanced slowly among the crowd. They were filled with people flourishing red and tricolour banners and adorned with great posters calculated to excite the popular mind against the dynasty. The police were now mere inactive spectators, no doubt obeying superior orders. Thus encouraged, the mob screamed out obscenities against the King and all his family, and endeavoured to enter the Royal Palace by the Puerta del Principe, which was still open. A squadron of Hussars of Pavia prevented this attempt by placing themselves in front of the door which they succeeded in closing by great effort.

This precautionary measure, far from calming the excited spirits of the crowd, had the effect of making them more ungovernable. The horrible shouting began again and was continually increased by the arrival of new "popular" elements from the central streets of Madrid.

Meanwhile, the Royal Family had met in the apartments of the Prince of Asturias in order to dine in his company, his illness, being in an acute stage, not allowing him to move. It can easily be imagined with what mortal anguish the Royal Family came together for this last Palace meal, which was in constant danger of being interrupted by the invasion of the mob. As the Prince's rooms were situated on the first floor, the insults and gibes of the crowd reached the ears of those whom they wished to humiliate. Stupor and

A ROYAL CALVARY

emotion were reflected in all their faces. A mother and her children found themselves stranded and deserted in the midst of the revolutionary tempest.

Queen Victoria must have thought herself the victim of a horrible nightmare. Her eyes bathed in tears, her pallor, her rigid stare, spoke of some internal tragic vision. Could this mob be the same chivalrous one that had cheered her so madly only a few weeks ago under these same windows, on the night of her return from London? She did not understand—she could not yet realize what harm had been done by subversive propaganda. But she did remember that the fates were against her ever since she first trod Spanish soil; she did remember her funereal wedding, Morall's bomb in the Calle Mayor, scattering death and splashing the Royal carriage with blood. A bad augury! Years of pomp and splendour had followed. She had received ovations and had been very popular owing to her radiant beauty and her kind heart; but all this had not blotted out the first sad impression. And then, as a mother, she had suffered mortal anxiety on account of the ill-health of some of her children, but, in spite of her troubles, the Queen had up to the very last endeavoured to mitigate the troubles of others by her inexhaustible works of charity, by presiding over the Red Cross, inaugurating canteens, heading subscriptions. How many times have she and her daughters, whose charm and simplicity have attracted everyone, been scarcely able to eat their lunch because of the effect of the surgical operations and the sad hospital scenes which they witnessed almost every day? The doctors could testify to her charitable disposition

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which to-day is forgotten ; these same doctors and surgeons who had voted for the Republic a couple of days before.

Was the fallen monarch's wife to blame for the political and governmental disasters that had occurred ? She had never intrigued or tried to exert her influence in Spanish political life. Loyal politicians and also the adversaries of the King agree in this fact, and have always given great praise to the Queen as Mother and Wife ; but gossip and slander had done their work against her. Frivolous amusement, intimate friendship, feminine elegance—every taste has been malevolently exaggerated to assume the proportions of scandal and licence. The Queen did not know to what extent the campaign against her had reached, but she felt that day by day a frigid atmosphere, a silent hostility and the alienation of those who used to greet her with delirious acclamations, had increased. And now, suddenly, an abyss opened at her feet. A wild mob was round the gates of the Palace screaming out its hatred and vomiting insults. The entrance of Princess Ena of Battenburg many years before had been a day of mourning, of blood and of grief, and now the Revolution was throwing another bomb and threatening to bury her with her children unless she escaped quickly from the capital.

Suddenly dinner was interrupted by a tremendous noise and shaking heard and felt above all the clamour. The Queen and the Infantes rushed to the windows. Looking through the blind, they saw that a motor lorry was being hurled at the door in an effort to force an entrance. Two or three times it was

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backed and the attack was repeated amid deafening cheers.

There followed a moment of cruel incertitude. . . . Would the human tide invade the Palace? The spectacle seen below appeared to justify this fear. The few mounted Hussars stationed in front of the Palace were now surrounded by the crowd and separated from each other. The Hussars and the rest of the military forces placed about in different strategic positions and the Halberdiers who guarded the interior had been told not to fire unless in a great emergency. But there was no time to be lost. Some men had already climbed up the façade of the Palace, arriving as far as the balconies on the lower storey, to which they had attached a Republican banner. The eruption of the multitude into the Palace was imminent, when the Puerta del Principe was suddenly flung open and a Captain appeared with a Squadron of the Paira Hussars, ready to shoot without delay if the entrance was not cleared. The effect was immediate. The frightened mob fell back, but although the danger was past any spark might provoke a catastrophe. Some members of an improvised "Civic Guard" with red bands round their arms now offered to intervene. If the Royal Forces would retire within the Palace, they guaranteed that order would be maintained and the crowd would not attempt to force an entrance. The bargain was accepted, and the doors of the Palace being again closed, the Civic Guard succeeded in making the crowd retire to a certain distance and in getting the audacious trespassers down from the walls.

Notwithstanding the success of this manœuvre, the

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night was full of threats and the Revolutionary crowd did not disperse. The sad family meal had been interrupted, and the Queen and her daughters, with the help of two or three faithful ladies and the servants, made preparations for their sudden journey. Through the Royal apartments, which were brightly illuminated, the things necessary for the journey were carried. The Infantas cried bitterly, exclaiming, "Won't they let us return?" The Prince in his bedroom, accompanied by a few of his friends and Don Jaime, did not dissemble his great grief on leaving Spain. Very few people belonging to the Court were in the Palace that night, but this was not due to infidelity or indifference of those who bore honoured appointments, but to the mystery and the vagueness of the replies received to pressing messages by telephone, a mystery which surrounded all the Royal Family during their last hours in the capital.

Meanwhile, the Government of the Republic had not the chivalry of attempting to protect the Royal Family from the popular wrath, or to stop the shameful spectacle which the Plaza de Oriente offered. It was only after men were hoarse from shouting and worn out with fatigue that the noise began to grow less and the crowd move off.

About two o'clock in the morning, the human flood began to melt away and then the Queen, with her two daughters in the same room, decided to rest for a few hours before the journey. But the uncertainty and anxiety banished sleep, and the slow, interminable hours passed. And the King? Nothing was known about him, and the fear of an accident or that he had

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been recognized and detained during the journey oppressed all hearts with a mortal anxiety.

At last, at half-past four in the morning, the welcome notice arrived : " The King has arrived at Cartagena and is already on board the *Principe Alfonso*." The good news was immediately transmitted to the Queen and communicated to the rest of the family and their faithful servants, whose sad countenances reflected the relief occasioned by the removal of this anxiety.

But, unluckily, the fury of the crowd, excited by the agitators, was not yet appeased, and at seven in the morning the human flood returned, filling the Plaza de Oriente.

Once more a confused noise was heard and the red flags of the Proletariat were waved ; once more insults and Revolutionary songs vibrated in the air. Some members of the aristocracy who had come to the Palace to bid the Queen and her children good-bye were hardly able to force their way through the crowd. The Royal Family heard their last Mass in the Salon de Tapices and during its course the threats and obscenities of the mob could be clearly heard. After they had breakfasted the servants filed by ; they were deeply moved when the Queen, the Prince of Asturias, and the other members of the family gave them personal gifts, accompanied by encouraging words.

But at the last minute a new difficulty disturbed the arrangements for the journey. It was not possible to leave by the Northern Station as had been arranged, because it was already eight o'clock, and the express from Irun was expected any minute, bringing the Revolutionaries Prieto, Marcelino Domingo and Com-

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mandante Franco, for whom a tremendous reception was preparing. The Government of the Republic had not tried to prevent a meeting which must be humiliating for the Royal Family, neither had it kept the pact made, or even cleared the vicinity of the Palace in order that the Queen and her children could leave in safety. In consideration of these facts, General Lopez-Pozas and the Queen's major-domo, the Marqués de Bendaña, suggested that the cars that were waiting at the entrance of the Campo del Moro should take the Queen and her suite to the Escorial Station. This plan was adopted. The last procession of the dethroned Queen through the galleries of the Royal Palace was made without any ceremony, but was marked by the deep emotion of those present. The Queen, the Prince and the Infantas were dressed for the journey ; they walked slowly, pressing loyal hands and speaking cheering words. The Halberdiers formed a Guard as, for the last time, the Officer on duty called out :

“ Her Majesty the Queen ! ”

It was the last gleam of Royal ceremony which was dying under the splendid sun and the azure sky of that April morning. The loyalists accompanied the Sovereign as far as the lift, where she took leave of them with tears in her eyes. The Infantas wept inconsolably. Meanwhile, those of the suite who were on duty that day, or who had come to take leave, congregated in the apartments of the Duque de Génova and from thence passed through the Puerta Incognita to the Campo del Moro. Amongst these were the Prince Don Alvaro de Orleans, the Duquesas de Aliaga, Fernan-Nuñez,

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Parcent, Mandas y Miranda, the Marquésas de Santa Cruz, Camarasa, the widowed Marquésa Comillas y Arguellas, the Princess of Hohenlohe, the Condesas de Aguilar de Inestrillas and de Vallengano, General Lopez-Pozas, the heads of the Casa Militar del Rey, and other important Palace officials.

The moment had arrived for leaving the Royal Palace.

There was an impressive silence as the cars drew near to take the exiles and those who were accompanying them to the station. The Infanta Beatriz de Orleans, who had given so many proofs of loyalty and devotion during these critical days, went in the first with her sons. The other cars were occupied by the Prince, the Infantes and their tutors, the Duque and Duquesa de la Victoria, the Duquesa de Lécera, the Señorita Carolina Carvajal and the Conde de Macéda. The Queen and the Infantas were in the last car. Later, General Sanjurjo joined the procession and a car containing some of the Civil Guard formed an escort to the Escorial.

As the cars started there was a sound of cheers and uncontrollable sobs ; handkerchiefs were waved, and soon the immense Palace was left behind like some great sepulchre of historic grandeur abandoned by the Revolution.

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Meanwhile, the mob which had invaded the Plaza de Oriente had moved off by the Cuesta de San Vicente towards the Northern Station. No one knew that the Royal Family had left by car for the Escorial, and they were expected to take the express for France, as had been announced. A blind instinct of revenge and

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ferocity impelled the mob to wish to humiliate the fallen by jibes and insults. A long, ever-lengthening procession, composed of workmen bearing red banners, women of the people and roughs of all classes, came trooping down, singing and shouting. They were joined by others, inebriated by the overnight street and tavern orgies which had followed the Proclamation of the Republic, and, to this mob were now added various Republican groups going to welcome Franco, Prieto and Company. There was, therefore, a double motive for a popular demonstration in the Northern Station. It could both show disrespect to Royalty and offer a demagogic apotheosis to the exiled Revolutionaries.

The mob broke into the station and took possession of the platforms. The Chief Engineer of the Northern Company, the Marqués de Benicarló and other functionaries who were going with the Royal train found themselves obliged to wear overcoats to hide the Royal crowns on their uniforms, so antagonistic was the attitude of the crowd. The deafening noise echoed under the glass roof of the station as the mob repeated time after time, amid coarse laughter, the sneering chorus :

She has not gone,
Where is she ?
She has not gone,
Where is she ?

They were waiting for the Queen, ready to greet her with insults which were inspired by hatred, envy and sectarian passion.

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The few loyalists who had succeeded in gaining admittance to the station by elbowing their way through the mass of fanatics, were terrified to see such a spectacle as they thought that the Royal Family might arrive. And although it appeared as time went on that some change must have been made at the last minute, there were a few members of the suite who were obliged to take the train, and there was the luggage to see to which was not easy in the midst of the general confusion.

The train had been kept outside the station in order to avoid possible disorder, and the general state of tension was acute. The express arrived from Irun, but the new Revolutionary heroes were not in it, the connection having been missed owing to the delay of the French train. The cries and imprecations burst forth with renewed energy, but the crowd did not move off, persisting in its desire of hissing the Queen on her departure. The Duquesa de San Carlos, chief Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and her daughter, the Condesa del Puerto, the Lady-in-Waiting to the Infantas, were in the waiting-room, where, luckily, they were not recognized, and the station officials managed to conduct them to the end of the platform with the royal servants and the luggage. The Royal Pullman car, which had to be detached from the train because it bore the royal arms, had been sent direct to the Escorial by a pilot engine,¹ but even so the train was taken by assault when it entered the station, travellers

¹ For these data and for those of the journey I am indebted to the kindness of the Chief Engineer, the Marqués de Benicarló, who accompanied the Royal Party to Hendaye.

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being crushed back into the corridors and apartments by the invaders. The most audacious of the rebels waiting for the Queen climbed on to the roofs of the carriages. It was useless to ask them to abandon their conquered positions, and at last the signal was given for the train to start. Its departure took place amid prolonged cries, and only on its arrival at Villalba did the Civil Guards succeed in making the assailants climb down from the roof, where they wished to remain in order to follow the *Juerga*.¹

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At last the Escorial ! When the express arrived after a considerable delay, the Queen, the Prince and the Infantes were already installed in the Royal Pullman car, which had been sent on from Madrid.

During the long wait at the Royal monastery of San Lorenzo there had been many moving farewells. Doña Victoria and her suite had alighted near the high road, where many cars belonging to members of the Court and the aristocracy, who had come to offer their last homage to royalty, were parked, and there, under the azure sky, with, for background, the grandiose monastery—austere sepulchre of the kings of Spain—what a symbol in such a moment !—the Queen, who was weeping, received the loyalists. She showed no rancour against anyone and displayed once more her charitable disposition, giving her last directions concerning the Red Cross and the League against Cancer, over which she presided, to some of the ladies present. Her disinterested preoccupations at

¹ *Juerga* is a popular feast of a rowdy nature—which might be rendered “jollification”.

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such a moment were much admired by those present, amongst whom were the President of the last Government, Admiral Aznar, the Conde de Romanones, who was apparently very sad, Sir George Grahame, the British Ambassador and General Sanjurjo, who, by accepting the "Voice of the People" had made the Revolution possible by placing the Civil Guard under the orders of the new regime, of which they were the firm support during the first turbulent days of their rule. But this act of the illustrious soldier was not inspired by self-interest, as that of so many others had been, but by a mistaken idea of the necessity of saving Spain from civil war. In his waxen face were evidences of the respect for the Monarchy and sincere grief at its fall.

The Royal Party tore themselves away from the fervent expressions of loyalty uttered by those who had come to bid them farewell, and occupied the Pullman car with the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and those who were to accompany them to the frontier. The Prince of Asturias, who was carried into the car, remained lying down on account of his illness.

They were off. Sad faces and waving handkerchiefs were left behind as the train steamed ahead at full speed in order to make up for time lost in the Northern Station, and thus reach Valladolid before the train of the expatriated Revolutionists. It was felt that such a disagreeable encounter must be avoided in view of possible new disturbances.

But the exiles' misfortunes were not yet over, and there was still cause for anxiety. In the small station of La Cañada the express slowed down without any

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apparent reason. The employees of the Company had noticed that one of the grease boxes of the Royal Pullman was on fire, having apparently got over-heated. All danger was over very quickly, but the engineers were stupefied to find the box full of sand. Sabotage or mere accident ?

The news of this disaster was hastily communicated to the Royal Family, and someone telephoned to Avila for a first-class carriage so that a change might be made without delay from the Pullman. The sad Queen said, resignedly, "I know that I must now travel like any private individual."

They all got into the new carriage, and the Duquesa de la Victoria installed the Sovereign in a reserved compartment kindly given up to her by some Americans.

This manœuvre being accomplished, the journey continued, and there was a great manifestation of affection and allegiance in almost all the stations, which were full of people eager to show their respect for the fallen Monarchy. In Avila many people saluted the Queen respectfully ; she stood by the window replying to their salutations. Women wept as they watched her. The train started again at full speed, hoping to arrive at Valladolid before the arrival of the express from France, in which the expatriated Revolutionaries were travelling. This was successfully accomplished. But the express remained but a few minutes in the Valladolid Station, where the aspect of affairs was very unsatisfactory. The platforms were crowded with people, in the majority workmen, who were waiting to welcome Prieto, Franco and Company,

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and who, on being informed of the presence of the Royal Family, broke out into hisses and fierce cries. The immediate departure of the train was ordered on this account, but Burgos effaced in part this desolating impression. Here there was an evidence of Castilian chivalry. An immense and genuinely enthusiastic multitude acclaimed the august travellers, and they stood at the windows of the carriage, much moved by this spontaneous manifestation. Some ladies filled the coach with flowers for the Queen, and she, much touched, could not restrain her tears. Many men came up to kiss her hand. Burgos remained engraved on the memory of the exiled Royalty as a compensation for many bitternesses suffered.

And then, Mirando de Ebro. . . . Vitoria. . . . Here again the Monarchical elements offered an ovation to the Royal Family without any counter-manifestations, and in so doing made the forced journey towards exile more supportable. In San Sebastián, which owed so much to the protection of the late Queen Maria Cristina, and to the continuance of the Royal patronage, an enormous multitude had collected to offer a great ovation that cheered the Royal travellers and recalled past years of popularity and splendour. San Sebastián behaved worthily in the hour of disgrace. The same could not be expected from Irun, the frontier city, because Irun has always been a centre of republicanism. Amongst the many spectators present in the last Spanish station were many railwaymen, adherents of the Revolution, but it is only fair to remember that they preserved a correct attitude and respectful silence.

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At last the train crossed the Bidasoa and arrived in Hendaye ! The Royal Family was now safe from the Revolutionary threats and the blind exaltation of the Revolutionists. But deep unhappiness and nostalgia possessed the travellers, for behind them lay Spain, which had implacably closed her frontier against them. Many Spaniards had come with them so far for a last farewell, and these were now joined by hundreds of French people ready to give a courteous reception to the Queen of the neighbouring country as she stepped on foreign land. There was a spontaneous ovation. In the hour of disgrace France wished the illustrious exiles to find in her territory their second country. The sub-Prefect of Bayonne saluted the Queen in the name of his Government and accompanied her to the compartment reserved for her and her suite as far as Paris. The police could hardly restrain the enthusiastic manifestations of those who surrounded the travellers, nor of those who offered to help to carry the Prince of Asturias from one train to the other. Scenes of fervour and respect in the hour of misfortune were repeated once more. Applause, flowers, phrases of sympathy and allegiance. . . !

But deep sadness possessed those who remained on the station platform as they witnessed the epilogue of this reign and also peered down the disquieting perspective of the immediate future. Those who were going could never forget the Country that was turning them out, either during their triumphal stay in Paris or later in the melancholy seclusion of Fontainebleau.

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Spain was once more a Republic ! She had a provisional Government which had appointed itself until the constituent Cortes should be convoked. It is not necessary to insist on the bitter deception suffered almost immediately by the enormous neutral mass who voted with gay thoughtlessness for the Republican-Socialist candidates in the elections of the 12th April. Directly they got possession of the State, thanks to this manœuvre, the conquerors abandoned the tranquilizing programme of their previous propaganda. The Catholic and Conservative Republic promised to those of the Right was converted suddenly into a Free-Masonic, Socialist and Proletarian State. No time was lost in initiating—under the disguise of “laicismo” and of the liberty of “cult”—the defamation of the Clergy and the persecution of the Catholic Church and of all religious influence. A few weeks later the burning down churches and convents in Madrid and other cities was officially tolerated. Even the personal possessions of the Royal Family were confiscated by decree. The Monarchical municipal Governments were annulled for the mere crime of being Monarchical. Organizations or Societies which did not appeal to the regime were closed and their most important members imprisoned. That section of the Press which did not hail these Revolutionary acts with proper enthusiasm, or which aspired to preserve its ideal independence, was suspended. Fines and arbitrary imprisonments were constant. The social Revolution was preached violently by those in office. Agriculture and capitalism were threatened. The titles and honours of the aristocracy were suppressed at one blow.

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Confiscations of property were announced, and at the same time the owners were asked with ironical insistence to co-operate wholeheartedly in the establishment of the Republic. Finance suffered from the natural upheaval caused by this redeeming policy. Industry and commerce will before long feel the same consequences. Continual strikes, meetings, assaults in the country districts only in part restrained by the intervention of the Civil Guard appear to be the daily panorama offered by the Peninsula at the present time. The impartial historians of the future can give a faithful account of this glorious period by merely relating its acts.

Calling to memory unfulfilled promises, implacably rigorous Governmental repressions, the ruin or the hostility which citizens not in favour with the new Republic have suffered merely for wishing to exercise their legitimate rights, once again we hear the immortal cry of the Revolutionary Madame Roland at the foot of the guillotine :

“ Oh, Liberty ! What crimes are committed in thy name ! ”

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